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Selections.

WORCESTER DISUNION CONVENTION.

From The Liberator.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON,

January 15, 1857.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. YERRINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT: It was my intention to have prepared, with some care and deliberation, the views I desired to express on this grave occasion; but having been ill for the last two weeks, I have not been able to give a moment to the preparation of a set speech. It is true, sir, with me, the subject is familiar; nevertheless, this is no ordinary gathering, and nothing should be hastily uttered on a question so vast, so solemn, and so revolutionary.

Sir, I do not marvel at the general hesitancy which I find in the community to come up to the high position of demanding a dissolution of the Union. I remember how men are born, and how they are bred. I know, in regard to my own case, with what tenacity I clung to this Union, inspired by the patriotic feelings of my early days, and never dreaming that anything would ever separate me from it, or lead me to desire its dissolution. Men do not change the institutions which have come down to them from the past lightly, or for transient reasons. They must be placed in a trying emergency—they must feel a strong moral obligation pressing upon them—they must clearly perceive some great impending evil to be shunned, some great good to be gained—before they will go into revolution; whether it be a physical revolution, attended with the shedding of human blood, or a moral revolution, attended with the loss of friends and popularity, and the sacrifice of worldly interests. If the great mass of the people were ready to respond, at once, in favour of the dissolution of the Union, with no more light on the subject than they now enjoy, I would give little or nothing for the response, because I should be certain it was but the mere impulse of the moment; but when they hesitate, and hold back, and forbear to the last, trusting that there may be some way of escape; when they beg for a little longer time to look at a question involving such momentous consequences, before openly committing themselves, I say, "Well, that is all right and proper—it is human nature." When such men move, it is with the force of the thunderbolt; they are as reliable as the everlasting hills. If, therefore, Disunion be a matter of slow growth—as it is—I am sure it is a true growth, and that everything is gained thereby. I expect it will go on, slowly gathering to itself friends and advocates, until at last it shall culminate in an all-pervading Northern sentiment, and the great work be easily accomplished. Our revolutionary fathers hesitated long before they threw off the yoke of the mother country. How many years did they hope, and pray, and struggle, for redress of their wrongs, trusting to the justice of England—that Parliament would give heed to their petitions—and that they might be spared the necessity of raising the banner of independence—all the while avowing their loyalty to the British throne! Yet the hour came when, in spite of their veneration for the past, in spite of their feebleness in regard to numbers and resources, and in spite of the colossal power of Great Britain, they said, "We will submit no longer! The time has come for us to throw off the yoke, and declare ourselves free and independent." The men who, after that time, through cowardice or selfishness, sided with the mother country, were justly branded as Tories. Sir, the race of Tories did not die off with the Revolutionary struggle. In our day, we are passing through the same ordeal. We are engaged in a revolution more far-reaching, more sublime, more glorious than our fathers ever dreamed of. I know that there are honest men yet struggling with conscientious doubts, who sincerely ask, "Has the time for separation come? May we not be pardoned if we wait a little longer? Is there not some turn of the wheel whereby Freedom will come uppermost and Slavery go down?" Such men are to be respected, for they are not animated by a craven spirit. In due time they will assuredly be with us. But there are others who are not honest; who are actuated by the old tory spirit which was so hostile to the struggle for colonial independence; and these are to be branded as the enemies of mankind.

Mr. President, who is it that will be with us in this great movement for a separation of the North from the South? Let me first tell you who will not be with us; and I think you will agree with me, that the loss of their company is no cause of shame or regret. They are not of us, nor with us, but against us, to a man; in their very enmity, witnesses, before God, that our position is one of honour, of true humanity, of impartial liberty. They are the pensioned tools of a pro-slavery Government—puppets who are moved and controlled by "the hand that feeds them"—Northern bankers and demagogues, who are using their influence to suppress all anti-slavery agitation—mercenary traders, whose god is the "almighty dollar"—wily politicians, who will sacrifice everything to their unhallowed lust of office—clerical time-servers, whose only gospel is public sentiment. These will all join in the cry of "treason," "fanaticism" and "infidelity," and combine their forces to put down a movement that never can be put down—never! never!—because it is impossible to put down God, and of this movement He is the life (applause). Finally, sir, we shall not have the rabble with us! The brutal, the vile, the profane, the mobocratic, instinctively shrink from us, and array themselves on the side of the Union-savers. They do not rally under our banner.

Who will go for a dissolution of this blood-stained Union? Those whose reverence for God is greater than for all human institutions; who only ask what is His will, what is His law, and never ask anything beyond it. I believe that such must and will be for annulling that "covenant with death and agreement with hell," the Constitution of the United States. All who mean to be true to the cause of liberty will be with us. If they do not yet understand this question, they will soon see that there is no other way of escape, and will join our ranks. What if we are now derided because we are so few? The soul, faithful to principle, never yet took counsel of numbers. He is a dastard who contemptuously points his finger at a feeble minority struggling for the right, and exclaims, "You have nobody with you!" Sir, I desire to be on the strong side; but I know that the wrong side is never the strong side. I know that strength lies in eternal rectitude. The triumph of a righteous cause is only a question of time. That cause is ours, and it shall one day be gloriously victorious.

Who will rally for Disunion? Those who "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them"; who look at the issue, not by their pleasant firesides, not as an abstract proposition, but on the Southern auction-block and plantation, from the stand-point of the wretched slave, for whose protection there is neither law nor government in any part of our country.

I wish to say a word respecting the letter which has been read to this Convention from Henry Wilson. I believe he desires to aid the anti-slavery movement as far as he can, and at the same time advance his own political ends. The course he is pursuing at Washington forces upon me the conviction, that he is on the retreat. His letter is derogatory to himself, as a professed friend of freedom, to the spirit of the old Puritans and of our revolutionary sires (applause)—not because it does not endorse the Disunion movement, but on account of its pervading tone and spirit—its affectation of superior patriotism—its ridiculous glorification of a Union which has only served to extend and strengthen slavery, and to weaken and degrade liberty—its insulting advice to those who are here assembled—and its empty flourish about "Liberty and Union," as though these can exist in a government constituted like ours! It is a letter which the people of Massachusetts should tie like a millstone around his neck, to sink him in the sea of political oblivion, until he shall have recovered his manhood.

Mr. President, after that tragedy took place in the Senate of the United States, when Charles Sumner was struck down by the ruffian hand of Preston S. Brooks, one of the Richmond journals made the following comments:

"*These vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate* are getting above themselves. They have been humoured until they forget their position. They have grown saucy, and dare to be impudent to gentlemen. Now they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit and honour as A PACK OF CURS.

"The truth is, that they have been suffered to run too long without collars. THEY MUST BE LASHED INTO SUBMISSION. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Brooks frightened him, and at the first blow of the cane he bellowed like a bull-calf.

"*There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler,* swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take him in hand? Hale is another huge, red-faced, swearing scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk.

"Southern gentlemen must protect their own honour and feelings. It is an idle mockery to challenge one of these scullions. It is equally useless to attempt to disgrace them. They are insensible to shame, and can be brought to reason only by an application of cowhide or gutta percha. Let them once understand that for every vile word spoken against the South, THEY WILL SUFFER SO MANY STRIPES, and they will soon learn to behave themselves like DECENT DOGS—they can never be gentlemen."

Judging from his disclaimers and protests in the Senate, and the tone of his letter before us, it would almost seem as if Henry Wilson were learning to behave—I will not say like "a decent dog"—but very submissively in the presence of his Southern overseers.

Sir, there are those who affect to regard this as a very contemptible movement. It is so according to "the wisdom of this world"; but it is not contemptible as to its object, or the spirit which animates it, or the principle by which it is guided. It is no more contemptible than was the advent of Jesus, or the conflict of Luther with the Romish Church, or the struggle of our fathers to throw off the British yoke. How, in all ages, have mankind been quickened, and aided onward in the right? Not by numbers, but by the simple truth—espoused not by the rich and powerful, but enunciated and enforced by a solitary witness here and there, and gradually obtaining mastery over all opposition. I am sure that we have the truth with us, and, therefore, that power which moves the world is committed to our trust—let those scoff who will.

Reference has been made to a petition which was sent to Congress a few years since, from the town of Haverhill, in this State, and presented by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, asking that body to take measures for a peaceful dissolution of the Union. How many names were appended to it? Thirty! Yet, though it was a solitary petition, signed by only thirty obscure individuals, into what convulsions were both houses of Congress thrown, and what terror and rage pervaded the whole Southern portion of the Confederacy, in consequence of its presentation! And why was this? Simply because it was like the hand-writing which Belshazzar saw upon the wall of his palace—"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, AND FOUND WANTING." To the slaveholders, it was as the voice of God, saying, "Your covenant with death shall be annulled"—and well might they tremble!

The air is filled with objections to a movement of this kind. I am neither surprised nor disquieted at this. One of these is of a very singular nature, and it is gravely urged as conclusive against Disunion. It is to this effect: we must remain in the Union, because it would be inhuman in us to turn our backs upon the millions of slaves in the Southern States, and leave them to their fate! Men who have never been heard of in the Anti-Slavery ranks, or who are ever submitting to a compromise of principle, have their bowels wonderfully moved all at once with sympathy for the suffering slave! Even our esteemed friend THEODORE PARKER (who deals in no cant) says, in his letter, that he cannot consent to cut himself off from the slave population. Now, we who are engaged in this movement claim to be equally concerned for the liberation of the slave. If we have not yet proved our willingness to suffer the loss of all things rather than to turn and flee, God knows that we are prepared to bear any new cross that He, in his providence, may be disposed to lay upon us. For one, I make no parade of my anxiety for the deliverance of those in bondage; but I do say that it strikes me as remarkable that those who, for a quarter of a century, have borne the heat and burden of the day should have the imputation cast upon them of intending to leave four millions of slaves in their chains, by seeking the overthrow of this Union! I find, even in the *Spy* of this city, the same absurdity reiterated. After referring to this Convention in very respectful terms, it says:

"We are as sensible, we believe, as they are, of the wrongs inflicted upon the North by the Slave Power. We believe that they are such as would afford a full justification to us to cut assunder from *them*, if we could do it consistently with our duties and obligations to others. But there is a large slave population in the South, and a still larger, nominally free, non-slaveholding population, whose wrongs are as mountains to mole hills, compared with ours. They have become politically connected with us, and on the continuance of that connection rests the only hope of their deliverance for a long period to come. Therefore, in our estimation, it would be unchristian and unmanly, it would be selfish and *cowardly*, in us, to forsake them in the time of their great need, and leave them to their cruel fate, for the sake of relieving ourselves from the comparatively small evils which we suffer in consequence of the connection. We have the power to relieve both ourselves and them, under the Constitution, and it is well that, by wise and inscrutable laws, the wrongs which they suffer must, necessarily and inevitably, draw with them wrongs against us—we say it is well that it is so, because that gives us a fellow-feeling with them, and should spur us up to seek their deliverance in common with our own."

Now, all I have to say is, that this is a man of straw! I have no idea of forsaking the slave, under any circumstances. The slaveholder knows it, and the country knows it; and I am sure that those who are associated in this movement intend to continue the conflict till every yoke is broken. I declare that this talk of leaving the slave to his fate is not a true representation of the case; and it indicates a strange dullness of comprehension with regard to our position and purpose. What! is it to forsake the slave when I cease to be the aider and abettor of his master? (Cheers.) What! when the North is pressing down upon four millions of slaves, like an avalanche, and we say to her, "Take off that pressure—stand aside—give the slave a chance to regain his feet, and assert his freedom!" is that turning our backs upon him? (Applause.) Here, for example, is a man engaged in highway robbery, and another man is acting as an accessory, without whose aid the robber cannot succeed. In saying to the accomplice, "Hands off! Don't aid the villain!" shall I be told that this is enabling the highwayman to rob with impunity? What an absurdity! Are we not trying to save the pockets of all travellers from being picked, in seeking to break up all connection with highway robbery? (Applause.)

Now, sir, we go for Disunion, because, while the Union continues, there is no hope for the slave; because, with this Union, it is possible to hold four millions of bondmen in chains, and impossible without it; because the whole country is pledged to guard and defend slavery where it now exists. Massachusetts is virtually a slave State to-day, by the compromises of the Constitution; therefore it is that every fugitive slave, touching her soil, must be secreted or flee. Plymouth Rock has crumbled into dust; it can afford him no protection. Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall are equally impotent. We have been told, to-day, that no fugitive has been arrested in Boston since the seizure of Anthony Burns. Why not? Because we have been afraid to have another case come up, and every fugitive who comes to Boston is counselled to make his way to Canada.

MR. HIGGINSON—When a fugitive comes to Worcester, we always advise him to stay (applause.)

MR. GARRISON—It remains to be seen whether Worcester will be able to protect the slave, when seized by the United States Government; and when that time shall come, it will be Worcester out of the Union, not Worcester in the Union, that will break his fetters.

But the *Spy* says we have power to relieve both ourselves and the slave, under the Constitution. I will thank any man to show me how and when this can be done. I believe the reverse of this to be the exact truth.

For one, I am here to say, that I am for no union with slaveholders. No union with them in the Church, none in the State, but an eternal divorce from them, while they remain slaveholders.

What is the American Union? Has it form and substance, or is it something which belongs to the imagination—a mere piece of dough, which every man may mould and fashion as he thinks proper, without regard to its original design or positive provisions? Men talk of interpreting the Constitution as they understand it. Does it never occur to them that this is a game at which two can play? If they may interpret it *ad libitum*, so may the slaveholders. Now, sir, I assume that we have such a thing as the American Union; that it has height and breadth and exact dimensions; that the nation understands what it is, and has been from its origin, in regard to its slaveholding conditions. Now let us see who are for its perpetuity. I turn to the Southern slaveholders, and ask, "Are you for a dissolution of the Union?" and they are for hanging me up by the neck for raising the question! (Laughter.) True, they threaten, in case certain things shall be done that they will separate from us; but mark you! they are in favour of perpetuating the Union as it is, and as our fathers made it. I turn to all that remains of the Whig party, and ask, "Are you in favour of preserving the Union?" and they exclaim, "Yes, to the end of time!" I turn to the Democratic party, and ask, "Are you in favour of preserving the Union?" and they reply, "Accursed be he who is not!" I turn to the American party, and ask, "Are you for this 'glorious' Union?" "Yes, until the crack of doom." Finally, I turn to the Republican party, and say, "And you, also, go for the Union?" And they make the loudest noise, and throw up their caps the highest, in its behalf.

Now, either these parties mean by "Union" the same thing or they do not. HENRY WILSON, when he says, "I am for perpetuating the Union," means by it what the South means, or he does not. All these parties mean the same thing, or they do not. If they do, then I stain them all with the blood of four millions of slaves, who lie crushed and bleeding beneath the Union. If they do not, then I say, there is treachery somewhere; because they are using the same word, representing the old idea of the Union, as understood and carried out by our fathers. Who is it that is playing falsely?

My reasons for leaving the Union are, first, because of the nature of the bond. I would not stand here a moment, were it not that this is with me a question of absolute morality—of obedience to the "higher law." By all that is just and holy, it is not optional whether you or I shall occupy the ground of Disunion. It is not a matter of political expediency or policy, or even incongruity of interests between the North and the South. It strikes deeper, it rises higher than that. This is the question: Are we of the North not bound in a Union with slaveholders whereby they are enabled to hold four millions of our countrymen in bondage, with all safety and impunity? Is not Massachusetts in alliance with South Carolina, Rhode Island with Georgia, Maine with Alabama, Vermont with Mississippi, giving the strength of this nation to the side of the dealer in human flesh? My difficulty, therefore, is a moral one. The Union was formed at the expense of the slave population of the land. I cannot swear to uphold it. As I understand it, they who ask me to do so ask me to do an immoral act—to stain my conscience—to sin against God. How can I do this? I care not what consequences may be predicted. It is a sin to "strike hands with thieves, and consent with adulterers." I aver that the compact made by our fathers, in relation to its slaveholding guarantees, is a compact more wicked than was ever made since the world began.

I press it upon the consciences of all who hear me—You claim to be moral, humane, Christian men. Tell me, what is the Constitution of the United States, which you swear to uphold? What is this boasted Union, which you are determined to perpetuate? Does it not provide that there shall be a Slave Oligarchy in Congress, representing three-fifths of the slave population? Is there not a provision for hunting fugitive slaves everywhere through the land? Is not the entire power of the nation pledged to keep the slaves in their chains, by suppressing all insurrections? If these things be so, I ask you, as humane men, as Christian men, as anti-slavery men, how, in the name of God, it is possible for you to support such "an agreement with hell," for one hour, and then wipe your lips and say, "We are guilty of no sin"? It may be that you feed and clothe the fugitive, and help him on his way; you generously contribute to the anti-slavery cause, and actively resist the extension of slavery. All this shall be put down to your credit. But do you not recollect the case of the young man who came to Jesus, and asked what good thing he might do that he might have eternal life? Jesus said, "Thou knowest the commandments, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness." "All these have I kept from my youth up," was the exulting reply. But Jesus said, "*If thou wilt be perfect*, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and then shalt thou have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." And he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. It is precisely so here. You have performed many commendable deeds; still, one thing is lacking: you have not ceased to strike hands with the enslavers of your fellow-men, under the Constitution of the United States.

Sir, this is a wonderful book that I hold in my hand (referring to the Bible). While I reject the absurd idea of its plenary inspiration, I find so much truth in it, so much of the prophetic spirit in it, such burning denunciations of oppression in it, that my pulses thrill when I read its solemn warnings and stern rebukes. It seems as if the prophet Isaiah must have foreseen the time when the framers of the American Constitution came together to form this Government; for how truly has he described the spirit of the American people, and the horrible compact into which they entered at that time? How applicable are both his description and reproof to us as a nation!

"Wherefore hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men, that rule this people. Because ye have said, we have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves. Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it. From the time that it goeth forth, it shall take you; for morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night; and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report. For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

This describes, in the most graphic manner, the character of the American Union, and the language of the people concerning it. They make lies their refuge, and imagine themselves safe. But judgment shall yet be executed; and He who sits in the heavens will rend asunder the fabric so proudly reared by our fathers, leaving not one stone upon another.

I am opposed to this Union, because it is an insane experiment to reconcile those elements which are eternally hostile. God has never made it possible for Liberty and Slavery to live together in partnership. Between the North, with her free labour, free press, free schools, free institutions—and the South, with her slave labour, and mental darkness, and bloody despotism—there can be no Union, and there never has been one, except in name. We are only palming off a sham before the world, when we affect to regard it as something worthy of veneration and perpetuity.

Of what value is it to us, as freemen, in the slave States? What protection does it give? None whatever. HENRY WILSON is not for sundering the Union; yet HENRY WILSON has a rope round his neck in one-half of the Union, as the outspoken advocate of the slave. He dare not go South, even to promulgate his Republican doctrines; for it would be at the peril of his life. There is not a man at the South who enjoys liberty of conscience, of speech or of the press, as against slavery. Now tell me why, knowing all this, you still cry out in favour of the Union? Does not the South lay her tyrannous hands upon all the coloured citizens of Massachusetts who are found upon her soil, thrust them into her dungeons, and sell them into eternal slavery if they are not ransomed? As a Massachusetts man, I am for no such Union as that—God forbid!

Again, I am for the overthrow of the Union because of the avowed determination of the South to extend and perpetuate her accursed slave system, *ad infinitum*. With one voice, she declares that she will never yield one jot or tittle in this struggle for emancipation; that she means to go forward, and overthrow every barrier to the diffusion of chattel slavery throughout this continent; that she hates all our free institutions, and hopes to subvert them. I know what is the spirit of the South, and I take her at her word, and say, "You have shown that the time has come for us to separate. Be it so!"

Sir, there is no power in the United States Government, or in any State Government, to give us any protection in the slave States. We have a right to go there, and denounce slavery as a curse and a crime; a natural right, which is God-given; a constitutional right, by the original compact. But if we go there, and attempt to exercise this right, we are subjected to every description of personal insult and outrage. We may make our appeal for redress to the United States Government, or to the State Government, but we shall plead in vain.

Again, I am for the speedy overthrow of the Union, because, while it exists, I see no end to the extension of slavery. I see everything in the hands of the Slave Power now. I see the National Government for four years to come—all the resources of the country—every dollar in the treasury—the army, the navy, the judiciary, everything in its grasp; and I know that, with all these means and facilities, and the disposition to use them, nothing can successfully contend against it.

I am sure of another thing—that when the North shall withdraw from the Union, there will be an end to Southern fillibustering, and schemes of annexation. Then the tables will be turned, and we shall have the slaveholders at our doors, crying for mercy. Rely upon it, there is not an intelligent slaveholder at the South who is for a dissolution of the Union. I do not care what the folly or insanity of the Southern nullifiers may be; I do not care how much they hate the North, and threaten to separate from us; they are contemptible numerically, and only make use of these threats to bring the North down on her knees to do their bidding, in order to save the Union. Not one of them is willing to have the cord cut, and the South permitted to try the experiment. If it be otherwise, God grant that she may soon take this step, and see whether she will be able to hold a single slave one hour after the deed is done!

The dissolution of the Union will paralyze the power of the master, and, therefore, render emancipation certain, by a geographical necessity. The line—where will it run? It will run between freedom and slavery, wherever that is; between free labour and slave labour; between where man is owned as a slave, and where men own themselves, and have power to take care of themselves, as free labourers. That is where the line will run. There will be no Atlantic ocean rolling between; but the slave will be able, at a single stride, to step over the line into a free and independent republic, where he will be protected against all pursuit. Under such circumstances, no border State can long remain a slave State, in the nature of things.

Yes, the dissolution of the Union will smite slavery to the dust. What next will follow? The jubilee having come, we shall be free everywhere; free at the South, free at the North: with free labour, free schools, a free press in common. With universal freedom, we shall then organize a magnificent Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in which there shall be neither tyrant nor slave, and it shall go well with us as a people (applause).

Dr. Wayland, of Providence, has expressed my views and feelings entirely, in a speech which he delivered on the Kansas-Nebraska bill. I beg leave to read a single extract:

"I value the Union as much as any man. I would cheerfully sacrifice to it everything but truth, justice and liberty. When I must surrender these, as the price of the Union, the Union becomes at once a thing which I abhor. To form a union for the sake of perpetuating oppression, is to make myself an oppressor. This I cannot be, for I love liberty as much for my neighbour as for myself. To sacrifice my liberty for the sake of the Union, is impossible. God made me free, and I cannot be in bondage to any man." * * * * "Taking Christ then, for my example, and striving to imbibe his spirit, can I do otherwise than take to my bosom every oppressed and downtrodden child of humanity? Jesus Christ, my master, is not ashamed to call them brethren, and can I have any partnership in an attempt to trample them under foot? *The Union itself becomes to me an accursed thing*, if I must first steep it in the tears and blood of those for whom Christ died."

The Union *is* steeped "in the tears and blood of those for whom Christ died," and it is maintained only at the sacrifice of "truth, justice and liberty"—therefore I pronounce it "an accursed thing," and treat it accordingly.

Mr. President, this theme is exhaustless. I cannot enter even upon the threshold of the argument on this occasion. But I will thank any man who will show me how we can rationally hope to restrain the Slave Power in any direction, whilst the Union exists, and the present determination of the South remains to perpetuate slavery at all hazards. Until that be done, I shall be an incorrigible Disunionist. I tell you, men of the North, as long as you proclaim in the ear of the Slave Power that you never mean to yield up this Union, come what may of outrage and villany in its train, you thereby surrender everything—manhood, justice, liberty, reverence for God—and grant an unlimited license for the extension of slavery over this continent. For, remember this: the Slave Power conquers by intimidation. We of the North are without courage—without backbone—and the Slave Power has long since found it out. We believe in preserving the Union, not in the living God; and this is damnable idolatry; therefore it is that we are ever driven to the wall by our Southern masters.

Men of the North! you are constantly assuring the Slave Power that you will yield up everything to save the Union. You are infatuated! Say to the South that there is a point beyond which she cannot pass, except at the cost of the Union; that there is something dearer to you than the Union—namely, the preservation of liberty for yourselves and your children, and reverence for the eternal law of God. Tell her that if she passes beyond that point, she will find no Union existing. Nay, wait for no fresh outrage, but declare the Union to be now at an end! If our fathers made it, for the sake of self-protection and self-interest, may we not unmake it for the sake of true religion, humanity and freedom? We have tried the experiment for almost three score years, and it has proved a failure. Like causes must produce like effects. The living and the dead must not be bound together. If we do not separate, the liberties of us all will be buried in a common grave, and not even a remnant shall be saved. "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what fellowship hath light with darkness? or how can two walk together, except they be agreed?" Whoever else may falter, or counsel delay, or take refuge in hypocrisy, I go for uncompromising hostility to slavery everywhere, and, therefore, for NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS (applause).

LETTER FROM HON. J. R. GIDDINGS.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 7, 1857.

T. W. HIGGINSON—*Dear Sir:* I have received your note inviting me, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to attend a Convention in Worcester on Thursday next, which is expected to assemble for the purpose of considering the practicability, the probability, and expediency, of a separation between the free and slave States. The questions are of a grave character, and should be well considered. Indeed, amid all that has been said and written upon the subject of slavery, for the last five years, and the action of the Federal Government for its extension, it were impossible that reflecting men should have failed to consider the propriety of continuing the Union between our free and slave States; nor is it possible for us to disguise the fact that slavery and freedom are opposites, antagonisms, and cannot well exist together.

Our republican fathers, in laying down the essential truths on which they based the hopes of our nation's glory, first stated the right of all men to life, liberty, and happiness; then declared that governments are instituted among men to secure the enjoyment of those rights; and thirdly, they proclaimed a further self-evident truth, "*that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*"

I hesitate not to say that this Government has been so administered, for the last quarter of a century, as to be destructive of the lives, the liberties and the happiness of a portion of the people; in short, it has become destructive of the very objects for which it was established. Its influence and its powers have been exerted to extend the most barbarous system of human bondage known to mankind. *Three distinct and separate wars* have been waged to uphold and maintain the system of American slavery. More than *three hundred millions of dollars* have been drawn from the pockets of our labouring people and paid out by Government for that purpose, and more than *five hundred thousand human victims* have been sent to premature graves to uphold and maintain the interests of an institution which the present Administration and its supporters are seeking to extend and eternize. In one of the wars alluded to, *eighty thousand freemen* were sacrificed to this Moloch of Oppression, and, in one day, nearly three hundred fathers, mothers and children were barbarously butchered by our army, for no other crime than attachment to their God-given rights of liberty; and the groans of men and women, murdered in Kansas by employés of the Government, have not yet ceased to ring in our ears.

We have acquired vast territory and spread the curse of human bondage over it; we have erected nine slaveholding States and united them to our Federal Union; we have authorized slavery in Utah, New Mexico and Western Texas; we have authorized a coastwise commerce in human flesh, which is now carried on under the protection of the American flag; we have established slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and involved our people of the free States in the disgrace, the crime and the expense of returning fugitives from oppression. Under the fostering love of this Federal Government the number of slaves has increased more than three millions; and throughout fifteen States and their Territories bereaved fathers and mothers mourn the loss of children torn from their embrace by brutal slavedealers; and brothers and sisters, separated from each other, sigh and weep in chains; and millions of hearts are bleeding under the accumulated wrongs of that institution.

Our Government has long been administered with the evident intention to overthrow the objects and purposes of those who founded it. Even the Union formed by our fathers was long since abandoned, and a new Union formed with foreign slaveholders, for the avowed purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery, giving the single hand of one hundred Texan slaves an influence over the national interests of our free States equal to sixty-one of the intelligent freemen of the North.

Will slaveholders, or their servile allies, insist that I am bound to revere and cherish this Union with Texas, as the work of our Republican fathers? I repudiate the idea. It was the work of Democratic slaveholders and their minions, against my efforts, and against the efforts of the friends of liberty, against the Constitution, and by the sacrifice of the honour and self-respect of the people of the free States. My ancestors did not toil through seven years of anxiety and bloodshed for the purpose of subjugating their offspring to the control of slaveholding foreigners, upon such disgraceful terms. To pretend that I feel attachment, love, or veneration, for this new Union with Texas, would bespeak myself a slave. I maintain it from no such emotions. Our Northern people maintain it very much as the Hungarians maintain their Union with Austria, for the reason that we can do no better. According to the Democratic doctrine, Congress may, to-morrow, repeal the joint resolution of annexation, and the Union would be dissolved.

Will the slaveholders or the minions of the Slave Power denounce me for speaking these truths? I bow to no such tyranny. The man who dare not speak his honest convictions is already a slave, and he who would seal the lips of freemen, on any subject, is a tyrant at heart, with no just conception of a freeman's right. Our Union must be maintained by *justice*, not by tyranny.

I hesitate not to declare that this Federal Government has been destructive of the ends for which it was instituted, and the people now hold the clear and indisputable "right to alter or abolish it" and establish a new one; and that the further maintainance of it is purely a question of *policy*, not of duty.

To the provocations enumerated, Southern statesmen have constantly added threats to dissolve the Union. It is a notorious fact that, for thirty years, leading Southern men have cherished the hope of forming a Southern Confederacy, separate and independent of the free States; recently, this plan has come into very general favour at the South. Editors and politicians now announce their determination to secede from the Union as soon as the Republicans shall obtain control of the Federal Government, which they generally expect to take place in 1860. Preparatory to this event, they are collecting arms, establishing magazines of powder and military supplies, strengthening their defences, organizing and disciplining their militia, and forming associations and combinations to effect a separation from our free States. Their presses and statesmen generally assert also that they will separate from us, unless the influence of slavery be extended in proportion as freedom expands, over our Territories and new States; and they demand that Utah, with its polygamy, and slavery, and concubinage, shall be received into political fellowship by the descendants of the Pilgrims; that New England puritanism shall mingle with the heathenism of Mormon; permitting the barbarians of Utah to hold superior influence in the common Government, in proportion to the number of their wives, their slaves, and concubines. They also insist that another Union shall be formed with the Spanish slaveholders of Cuba, giving them superior influence and power in the Government, proportioned to the number of their slaves.

Against their designs, we should exert all our influence. Indeed, the people of that free State must be disgraced who will consent to be thus transferred to the control of Spanish slaveholders, or of the polygamists of Utah. I would maintain the Union *as it now is*, because it can be wielded for the benefit of liberty. But I would not see the people of my State transferred to such new Union.

Under these circumstances, I think it our true policy and interest to prepare for the future. Say to our slaveholding friends and their allies, we will maintain our present Union, but *we will not be transferred to an unequal and dishonourable Union with the polygamists of Utah, nor to an equally disgraceful Union with Cuban slaveholders;* that the Federal Government shall be restored to the maintenance of the objects and purposes for which it was framed.

I may be permitted to say that the Republican party is already in the field, basing its hopes of success upon the undying truths, "that all men are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and happiness; that the primal object and ulterior design of a Federal Government was to secure all men under its exclusive jurisdiction in the enjoyment of these rights." The rapid progress of these doctrines, since their adoption, leave no doubt of their success, and the day is not far distant when there will be no oppression, no slavery, no buying and selling God's image, outside the slave States. Within those States we cannot reach it by legislation. That must be done by their own people; but when the moral and religious sentiment of this people shall be concentrated into one focus of burning contempt for those who scourge, degrade, and brutalize their fellow-men, slavery will disappear from the States, and our country will soon be purified from the crimes of slavery.

Many discreet and patriotic men think we should make military preparations, in a manner corresponding with that of our Southern friends. I answer, we have no necessity for such preparations. Ours is the cause of truth and justice, which needs no arms, no violence, no shedding of blood. The advocates of slavery are differently situated; theirs is the cause of oppression, injustice and crime. It can only be maintained by violence, by arms, and by bloodshed.

Nine slave States are at this time agitated by servile insurrections. White people are murdered daily, and daily slaves are shot down by their masters, without trial, while others are hanged under lynch law. Each murder, whether of blacks or whites, begets new fears and creates new alarms, which continually torment the imaginations of both masters and slaves. Now, I regard it our duty to those slaves, and those masters, to remain in the Union, so that, when they shall apply to our Federal Executive for protection, we may give just, righteous and constitutional protection to both master and slave, by securing each in the enjoyment of his life, his liberty, and the avails of his own labour, according to the intentions and expectations of those who founded the government.

I think we should remain in the Union, not for the purpose of upholding and extending slavery, but for the purpose of upholding and extending *liberty*. If we unite upon the doctrines put forth in our Republican platform, our success cannot be delayed nor postponed. For the first time since the adoption of the Constitution, the fundamental truths on which our government was founded were placed in issue before the country in June last. In November we carried eleven sovereign States, comprising nearly two-thirds of the free population of the Union, and now Republican Governors preside over fourteen of the most important, most populous and wealthy organizations of our Federal Union. Our platform is broad as the family of man; it is based on principles which are eternal as the throne of Heaven. Truth, like its author, is omnipotent. Our cause, at this moment, commands the political, the moral, and the religious influence of the good and worthy of the nation. It is the cause of freedom, of morality, of religion, of civilization. It is stronger than armies, more potent than the combined influences of oppression and tyranny, combined with armies.

Already the advocates of slavery falter in their efforts to establish that institution in Kansas. Should they, however, proceed in that nefarious work, the total overthrow of the Democratic party is certain. Should they fall back—should the Slave Power recede from its infamous designs, their prestige will be gone, their sceptre of power will have departed forever. Let us but continue firm in our position; let us but hold the oppressors at bay for a few years, and the rapid increase of our free population will perfect our triumph. Minnesota, Oregon and Washington, will soon be added to our list of free States. The laws of nature and of God are co-workers with good men. Acting in harmony with them, no earthly power can resist our progress.

In conclusion, you will permit me to say that, while I admit and will maintain the right of every man fully to express his views, and compare ideas with those around him, I think our duty and policy unite in urging us to maintain the Union *as it is*, and to reject all propositions to form a new Union with the polygamists of Utah or the slaveholders of Cuba; that we should be active and energetic in our efforts to restore the government to its original position in favour of freedom; that we should increase the number of free States, until the Slave Power shall be dwarfed to an insignificant portion of our Federal Union; that no man shall be elected to any office who hesitates to exert his political and moral influence to carry out the designs of those who established our government; and that we shall continue to arouse the public conscience of the nation, until oppression shall cease to exist outside of the slave States. We will then say to the slaveholders of those States, *unbind the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free;* or, if you prefer to maintain that institution, "*perish with it.*"

For the honour of your invitation, please accept, for yourself and associates, my thanks.

Very respectfully, J. R. GIDDINGS.

LETTER FROM FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ.

BOSTON, Jan. 14, 1857.

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON—*Dear Sir:* I regret my inability to attend the Disunion Convention to-morrow.

Next to the abolition of slavery, there is no object which I so much desire to see accomplished as the political divorce of the North from its most foul connection with negro slavery.

If, formerly, anything was wanting to awaken the North to a just sense of the sin and folly of continuing in union with the slave States, and, of course, responsible for the infamous system of slavery which exists there, surely the experience of the last four years must suffice to convince the most skeptical, and the most selfish, that nothing but continual turmoil and dishonour can be expected to result from any longer connection with the slave States.

I rejoice to know that the political absurdity of endeavouring to unite in one community, under one government, two such antagonisms as freedom and slavery, is now fast becoming apparent to the Northern people; and we may expect, ere long, a general acquiescence in the necessity of Disunion.

The course of events, for the past thirty years, but more especially, the astounding developments of the Slave Power during the past four years, most conclusively show that a continuance in this Union is sure to result in the establishment of slavery throughout its whole length and breadth.

If any doubt this conclusion, after witnessing the action of every branch of this Government—Executive, Legislative and Judicial—then, no evidence will suffice to convince them but the final completion of the iniquity.

At the early part of the anti-slavery movement, the advocates of freedom were continually taunted with the question, "*Why don't you go and preach to the South—there is no slavery in Massachusetts?*" That question answered itself long ago.

Now the advocates of Disunion are taunted with the question, "*Where are you going to draw the line?*" Our reply is, Let the line draw itself, while we continue "to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

England imposed heavy burdens upon our revolutionary fathers, which they feared would enslave them; whereupon, they went to Disunion as a remedy. They decided that question at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights. All this they did, without knowing where the line would be drawn, or how many of the Colonies would take sides with England.

The line drew itself then, but the North did not find it out until the following year, when that glorious Declaration was issued at Philadelphia, pointing it out.

Believing most firmly that Disunion is the only true remedy for slavery in this country, I welcome every honest effort in that direction. FRANCIS JACKSON.

AN ORIGINAL VIEW OF THE CRISIS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1857.

* * * * * * *

IT is a matter of surprise that everybody does not see, or at least will not acknowledge, that many of the steps taken by slavery to strengthen itself, are more weakening to it than any other course of policy that could be devised. Instead of trying to propitiate the Northern conservative sentiment which really pervades Northern society everywhere and in all ranks, in its religion, its literature, its industry, slavery defies, insults and exasperates it. Instead of the people of the South demanding the toleration, sympathy and commiseration for the existence of a gigantic curse among them, which are really their due, while they behave with decency before the world, they insanely swear their curse is a blessing, hug their rottenness, and claim to shove it [illegible] upon others all the [illegible] exhibiting a demeanour that prov[illegible] and contumely, and hate. They are thus alienat[illegible] North from the South, and abolitionizing the w[illegible] the former in the most rapid manner. They are in so doing provoking their torments before their time.

Thus far, the popular sentiment has only taken the form of desiring to circumscribe slavery. Directly, if foiled in this, it will assume that of desiring to separate from slavery. It will rush to this position all the sooner for a decision of the Supreme Court that the General Government has no power to restrain the spread of an evil which is felt to be so formidable and so damning. There has been, and is now, a strong prejudice against separation of the States. The public mind is not awake to the urgency of the necessity that is driving the country in this direction, and which controls the question against all individual desires to prevent it. And it would be long in waking, if not abused in its slumber. But when stimulated to passion, its perceptions will be wonderfully quickened, and it will rush precipitately on to this goal. The tendencies in this direction have hitherto been obstructed by mild counsels and a compromising policy on the part of our public men. But the present assumes to be wiser than the past, and we slide on toward the inevitable result almost without a jolt.

Are we asked what is this necessity thus urging us forward? It is the necessity of a full and fair experement of a free Democratic Republic which our institutions have created, and which will work its way through or over every obstacle, the slave oligarchy and the black race on this continent not excepted. That race is now its great impediment, and thus it will come to pass that, justly or unjustly, righteously or unrighteously, that race with those who love their company will be ejected, crowded out and sent over to the semi-tropical belt which destiny seems to have awarded to the black race on this continent. The fact that Capt. Rynders, or John Mitchel, or the Democracy of the Five Points, or the Irish Roman Catholics generally are in favour of slavery, proves nothing but that they are un-Democratic, no matter whether intelligently or unintelligently so. They are the outer and decaying limbs of a vigorous tree whose sap and energies are within. They are the weights that Democracy carries in its race, not the springs of its motion. The Irish Roman Catholics, for example, are good enough as voting machines; but pray who would look to them to generate or yield support to an idea looking to either the temporal or spiritual emancipation of mankind? or who shall find his *political bible* at the Five Points? The great, swelling, vitalizing, heartfelt Democratic sentiment to which is owing the growth and expansion of our national character and resources and prosperity does not flourish in such a soil. It will never derive its nutriment therefrom; and it is idle and unphilosophical to hold such or kindred influences up to view by way of showing that the Democratic sentiment is not now vital and will not grow and flourish and fructify in the future of our history as it has in the past.

Holding these opinions, we regard the question of separation as an eminently proper one to be considered. We regard the tendencies of the time to be all in that direction. Public men whose political lives depend upon the breath of political favour cannot speak, or at least *do not* speak, on the subject with that entire independence which belongs to men differently situated. But the Press is open to every heresy.

We think every reflecting man must concede that the end of Slavery will be an Ethiopia in the South. Such is the retribution the crime of Slavery will work. The islands of the Caribbean sea and the Gulf States are to be Africanized. The precise extent of the area to be thus blackened within our own limits, will be proportioned to the time that shall elapse before the necessity of this result shall be recognised and acted upon. It might now be made comparatively small. We have but four millions of blacks. But directly we shall have ten millions. And what then? They must have more room. Can we not see that? We really ought to begin to stake off their ground now. History shows that they are the only race that will flourish in our tropical latitudes, and that they rapidly increase there, even under all the hardships of a condition of servitude. As to swallowing them up by amalgamation, they are too many in numbers, and they multiply altogether too fast for that. If they were a decaying or even a stationary race, it might be otherwise. But as it is, such a result is entirely out of the question.

Now, can anybody suppose that the free States are going to be forever, or long, tied to such a body of prolific barbarians under any circumstances, whether as freemen or as slaves? In the latter case, creating a pretended or real necessity of mastership, engendering an offensive oligarchy to mar the workings of a genuine democracy; and in the former, looking to their admission to political equality out of a condition of besotted ignorance and infinite degradation? How will it be when the negro slaves shall number ten millions? Who can reflect upon such a mass of human blackness among us, darkened in intellect, crushed in spirit, groping in ignorance, impelled only by motives of hate and revenge, gross, grovelling and treacherous, without the overmastering desire to find a method by which the hideous ulcer can be struck from our political system? Especially is this so, since the Supreme Court is to declare that the Federal Government has no power to arrest the spread of this terrific evil; and since our Southern brethren, their masters, have come to advocate the eternity of the institution, the more thorough barbarization of the slaves, and demand and use, and mean hereafter more and more to use, the whole power of the existing Union in aid of their policy, thus forever quenching the hope of our revolutionary ancestors that slavery was a temporary evil to be borne only until time enough had elapsed to discover the best means for its extinction—a hope shared by every patriot since, until these modern days of delusion, when it has suddenly been found that it is a blessing to be eternized.

It is, therefore, our relations in the Union to slavery in this new aspect that we are called upon to consider and treat. It is an aspect never contemplated by the founders of the Government, and which, if suggested when it was formed, would have shivered every hope of consummating a union of the free and slave States. And the question thus comes home to us, if our Union has become such a one as the fathers would not have made, is it such a one as the sons should perpetuate?

Where do these considerations lead us? Is it not directly to the thoughts of extrication from the calamities that impend, under the new regime of slavery in perpetuity—slavery forever? The curse is widening and deepening, and instead of promised or hoped-for modification, or amelioration, or limitation, in the future—hitherto the patriot's only hope—we are treated to nothing but visions of a severer, more crushing and still-extending field of oppression. What then shall be done? Stake off their ground. Give our lower latitudes to the blacks and those who desire to go with them. Lop off the festering limb. Cut out the cancer. Give to the Democratic principle underlying our system a fair chance to work. Give it scope, unhindered, untrammeled. By doing this, we shall launch the nation upon a new and loftier career. We shall bring our domestic quarrels over the slavery question to a close. Freed from connection with men who love slavery, and believe in slaveholding, we shall be able to treat those unhappy dreamers as they deserve. Instead of resisting their folly and wickedness as we are compelled to do now, in consequence of our political association, we can then regard them as men deserving the pity of the world for their delusion; as a class commanding the commiseration of mankind for the evils that environ, the sorrows that poison their domestic condition, and the inevitable fate that awaits their posterity.

J. S. P.

A TALK WITH A SLAVE WOMAN.

SOME of our readers will remember an intelligent coloured clergyman from the West, who, a few weeks since, was seeking means in New York to buy his mother out of slavery in Alabama. Three hundred dollars was the price, and a number of persons subscribed each a little, so that he soon raised the money. This week the old woman came on by steamer, and called upon a number of those who had befriended her. She is a tall person, though now bent a little, jet black, of about 60 years of age, with a most intelligent, expression of face, and a large benevolent pair of spectacles over her great nose. She talks without hardly a trace of negro accent—our friend, Mr. Godkin, of the *Daily News*, who has just been in the South, says, with a much better accent than the Southern whites. Her voice is very rich, and she so over flows in feeling and expression, that she almost runs into a kind of sermon-style continually. She is of full African blood, was born in slavery, and cannot read or write a word, and in all external respects, must be a fair sample of the class. The conversation we had with her was deeply interesting.

Our first questions were about the journey, &c., and then about her son, the preacher. "I hain't seen him afore for twenty-six years," she said, "and now he's a-holding forth the word of the Lor'!" and she gave a deep breath of thankfulness. "I woke up yesterday mornin' and I kind of forgot where I was—and I was so frightened. I thought I was back again in the old plantation, and I was a trustin' all to the Lor', just as I used to do; when I remembered, and then my soul jist went up in praise and thanksgiving to the Lor' Jesus. It was *all sunrise in me.*"

"Where are your other children?"

"I had nine on 'em—and two I don't know where they is—the others I do know."

"She means they are in heaven," said the friend who came with her."

"When were you separated from them?"

"Oh! it's a long time ago—maybe it's thirty years—and yet it's all just as if I could see it now. They was all down near the camp—my father and my mother, and my sister and broders, and the old man (her husband) and the children—they was togeder. This was in Nor' Carlina. You see, master died suddenly, and we all had to be sold off anywhere, so I was sent down to Alabama. You'll think it strange, but I didn't cry one tear then—no, not a tear. I cannot tell you what I felt. They left me just one child of all on 'em. I thanked the Lor' I had always brought 'em all up in the fear of God and His ways. They had n't gone to balls, or any of them places, and I sent 'em to Sunday School, and I whipped 'em just when they deserved it. But the Lor' has blessed it some!"

W[illegible] about this.

"W[illegible] is I was a gay sort o' creatur, and I [illegible] as I ought to, and I needed the chas[illegible] [illegible] Lor'. Now, after I had been a *walkin' through the low-land of sorrow*, it was all different somehow. [illegible] I could give up all to Him. I used to pray in the mornin' and in the evenin', and just leave every-thing to the good Lor', and I would think of Him all the day. And I prayed for the poor master and missus, 'cause I said they has riches and 'ceitfulness of world about them, and I have nothing. And I thought in a little while the Bridegroom cometh, and this will all be over, and then the black will have sins washed away in the blood of the Redeemer as well as the white man—maybe sooner, 'cause he hain't so much temptation. I did n't care for eatin' or drinkin'—the others had their mince-pies and cakes—but I had always just as liv' have my crust with this blessin' of God. And sometimes in the night I could n't sleep for prayin' and thinkin' of the Lor' Jesus. At fust, I had such temptations—there was a creepin' just like snakes about me, and a goin' of horses, blickety-bit—but I did n't mind it, and I kept on prayin' and they left me."

"Could you read your Bible, Mrs. W.?"

"Oh, no! nary word of the Bible with my eyes. But I used to *read it all night.* I heard the texs in the meetins, and they'd come up to me just as if they was in fire. Oh, the blessed love of Jesus! If I'd been like the rest, and had n't thought so much of the Lor', and had been heat so, I should ha' gone to hell!"

"You would have killed your master, you mean?"

"Oh, Lord, no! I should have killed myself."

"Were they badly treated?"

"Not by Massa; but Massa Jeames, at the end of the long cotton-days—oh, it was terrible to hear the screamin' and whippin'—they really could n't do all the work. And on the Sundays the poor creaturs used to come around the kitchen, I was cook you know, and they'd say, Aunt Sally, give us somethin' to eat, and somehow I was *always thinkin' of the Lor' Jesus*—how he saved the fragments and 'stributed 'um to the three thousand, and I used to save every piece of fat and bone and all and give it to 'em!"

"Was there any Sunday school or meetings there?"

"No, sir; they did n't let us have no Sunday School, but we had a good meetin' and a real God-fearin' preacher. Still the poor creaturs was so tired ou the Sundays; sometimes all they could do was to lie down and just sleep, and do their washin' now and then. It was wrong, but no wonder, after such a week's work. Sometimes we had preachers, who were always talkin' just to please the massas, and at fust I was concerned, but afterward I said, Every tub must stand on its own bottom, and God for us all, and they must be left to their own ways."

"Were you ever whipped?"

"Only once. It was somehow so. There was a new piece of merino in Miss Susey's bureau, and it had kind o' slipped down behind, and Jane, she's the chambermaid, she said *I* stole it, and Massa he just whipped me."

"On your bare body?"

"Yes, I was just stripped, and if I had anything I had five hundred lashes. I could n't sleep on my back for three weeks. When Massa found it was a mistake, he said he'd take oath afore the Lord and neber whip me again, and he neber did, and that's sixteen years ago."

"Did your mistress whip you?"

"Oh, yes; she'd hit me with a stick of wood on the head, sometimes, but not often. Oh, how I have prayed the Lor' for her and massa! When I was a comin' off, missus, she first took me out to the fowl-house, and we had a season of prayer there together. Oh, how she did beseech the throne o' grace; she wept and wept, and she prayed for such blessin's on me all the way, everywhere, and I noticed everywhere, they came on me jist as she prayed."

"Did you ever hear anything about the insurrection—the negroes killing their masters!"

"Oh, no; they never would. They *is cowed* completely. We've always heard that sometime the day of jubilee would come. *Some people says it's an army*, some it's the Lor' Himself will come in judgment on the great white throne. We always pray that the stumblin' blocks may be 'moved. I always said the Lor' God—no matter what they say—neber could have ordained me to be a slave; but He suffers it, and the Lor' Jesus, He suffered worse things, and why shouldn't I suffer a while, if He wills it?"

"Did you ever hear of Fremont or of the election for President, or hear the masters talking at table about abolition?"

"No, sir; neber. I neber heerd his name. When they's talkin' anything dangerous at table, they always stop. Sometimes I was kind o' artful, and heerd little; but they never would let us see not even a newspaper, and there was only one expection in our plantation who could read. When I was in the fowl-house with missus, she said to me, says she, 'Now, Aunt Sally, you tell me before God, did you ever hear the niggers talkin' about the Yankees a murderin' the masters, and such things?' And I said, says I, 'No, missus, I neber did, so help me God; but,' says I, 'I must say Massa Jeames is a beatin' and tortrin' the field-hands fearfully.'"

I asked about the treatment of the young women by the young white men.

She answered, that they were constantly having criminal intercourse. "Some is weak and willin', poor things; but the most on 'em is forced to it. There was Elizy. I knew how Massa Tom came in, and I heerd him a beatin' her; she screamed and cried, but nobody could n't help it. And afterwards, when the pretty little thing was born, and the missus saw it, she was ready to kill it. 'God Almighty!' she said, says she, 'who's the father of this?' and, when she heard it was Massa Tom, she turned as pale as a sheet; and, afterwards, if it had not been for us, the little thing would ha' died, though it was her own granddaughter. They made Elizy the fust week, carry heavy barrels of water on her head; and I used to slip out and help her, poor creature! 'cause I'd had children, and knew how it felt so soon. And it was not her fault, for she was beat to it. And it was the same wid Doctor Cleveland. You see there was nine young massas, wid offices in the yard, and they could n't wash their own feet, nor make their own fires! And they all go on in this way; and sometimes they'd go in to a married wife, and she would be beat and kicked till she had to submit; and then when the poor husband'd hear on it!"

After she had been speaking a long time I noticed her countenance change; and her eyes were fixed on a little cast, on the mantel-piece, of Thorwaldsen's Christ. She stretched out her arms towards it, her eyes filling with tears, and she burst forth with intense feeling: "Oh, see Him! The blessed Lor' Jesus! How He is pleadin' for us! He is so ready to forgib us!" and she burst forth in a hymn. "Oh, I cannot say enough," she continued, "of the goodness of the Lord—His love!—it comes ober me like a flood of great waters. Love! Love! And sometime I shall see Him as He is! And there He is stretchin' out His arms to *me!*"

I have tried to give the old woman's language, but it is impossible to convey the purity and elevation of her religious sentiments, and her rich Biblical expressions. One felt poor and worldly beside her—such a renunciation of self; such a sublime and ennobling hope; such a realizing of unseen things; such charity, and mercy, and love—as if having lost all things, she had come into possession of all things. You saw how pain and sorrow could bear, under the sun of Christianity, such fruits in the poorest of this world as the richest and proudest can never gather. She had lost children, and husband, and father, and mother, and brother, and sister, but she had gained eternal Love in her soul. The demon of slavery had sought to trample out the sweet flowers of her life in mire and filth, but they had blossomed again in other climes in everlasting beauty and perfume.

The pirates and robbers who owned, and robbed, and sold her, shall be judged at the bar of the Great Judge, but to our eyes it does not redeem their guilt, that it has indirectly gained heaven for their victims.

And to say that such are not fit for liberty!

I see tens of thousands of people every year in New York city, who are not half so much fitted for liberty as this old negro slave-woman.

Surely vengeance shall come for these infinite wrongs in America!—*Charles L. Brace, in The Independent.*

PROPOSED NEW TERRITORY.—Seventy-six of the citizens of the upper peninsula of Michigan (the Lake Superior Copper region) have asked the Legislature to take the proper measures for separating that region from the State and organizing it as an independent Territory of the United States. They declare that such is the almost unanimous desire of the people who live in the region referred to.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

THE INSURRECTION PANIC.

"LIES have short legs," says the proverb. And the bigger the lie the shorter its legs, the sooner it grows halt and breaks down before the pursuit of truth. It is true, as Fisher Ames once said, "that a Lie will travel from Maine to Georgia while Truth is putting on her boots"; but when she once has them on they are Seven-leagued ones which are sure to make up to her for the advantage her adversary had in the start. Slavery being in its own nature a monstrous Lie has given birth to a pack of lesser ones which ever watch about her as the hell-hounds did round Sin at Hell-gate, which

> "never ceasing barked
> With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
> A hideous peal"

Such are all the arguments derived from Scripture and the pressing of Abraham into the service as a cotton-planter and St. Paul as a Slave-catcher and Fugitive Act Commissioner. Such are the assumptions of the incapacity of the negro to take care of himself and of the incompatibility of the White and Black Races living together as freemen in the same community. Their legs have long since been worn to the stumps. They have been cut off by trenchant adversaries as close as were Witherington's at Chevy Chase. They can barely crawl now but they will not be finally and forever *squelched* until Slavery shall have given up the ghost by blood, by starvation, or by a glorious and holy suicide.

But of all the Lies which encompassed the great Mother-lie, there was none that barked louder or was let loose oftener at intermeddlers than the one that the Slaves were so happy in their condition that they could not be prevailed upon, though they were to be besought earnestly with tears, to change it for the miseries of Freedom. This lie we have had yelping at our heels ever since we began to question the divinity of Slavery. Indeed, whelps of the breed were often kept at the North, and kennelled even in pulpits, in the court rooms and in counting-houses to be let fly at the throat of any intruder who dared to molest the favourite of the Church, of the Law and of the Exchange. And yet it was a very short-legged lie, indeed. That it was so was proved by the thousands and tens of thousands of longer-legged realities that have measured the whole breadth of the Free States and not paused until they could rest their weariness beneath the sceptre of Queen Victoria. Its character was branded into its forehead by the hands that passed the Fugitive Slave Act itself. If slaves love their Slavery so well that they cannot be persuaded to forsake it, what need of this new stringency of process to carry them back to what they will not leave? Was it a device merely to make perdurably infamous such losels as Ingraham, and Kane, and Morton, and Curtis, and Loring, and Brown, that it was enacted, and the slaves compelled to desert by their masters in order to prove how mean white men could be? One would think so, surely.

But the most awful contradiction of this lie has just been read in the panic-fears which have blanched the cheeks of all Slavedom, which have reddened its soil with blood and filled the air that overhangs it with the shrieks and groans of torture. The whole South has been shaken as with an earthquake of terror, and the soil yet heaves and trembles under its feet. In the frenzy of its fear it has done coward's service of cruelty and it has sealed the sincerity of its fright in blood that might have been coined to drachmas in the slave-market. Like the Romans of old, they have thrown their most valuable possessions into the gulf that yawned at their feet, and the unwithdrawing hand with which they sacrificed their choicest property has stamped their fears as genuine, even if groundless. And this terror was confined to no one spot. It seemed as if some avenging angel had swept over the whole Slaveland pouring out the vial of this wrath. It roared through the streets of the cities and it made the knees of the solitary places to smite together. Everywhere it sought the relief of cruelty—even the ready resort of cowardice. Where now be the brags of the happiness and contentment of the slaves? Is insurrection an outbreak of happiness? An ebullition of contentment? And the hearts that thus are [illegible] to terror and [illegible] unwonted barbarity because of it, do they not bear witness to the absurd folly of this insolent fiction?

But there is reality as well as coward-fear in this panic which has spread over the whole Slave country. It is true that the chance of a general insurrection of the slaves and of the extirpation and subjection of the whites is not a probable one. Were that the only form which the danger could take, one would suppose that sensible men even there could not dread it much. The blacks are not so many as the white men, the latter have the arms, the discipline, the habits of command and the intelligence which would render their conquest by the former a contingency not worth taking into the account, at least, until the proportion of the numbers shall have been reversed or greatly changed. But temporary and local insurrections are possible things enough, and not only possible but probable, not to say, inevitable. The Slave country is, as a general thing, thinly peopled. In the regions where the profitable crops, excepting the vigential one of human beings, are raised, the slaves outnumber the whites. The overseer during the Summer, and the master and his family in the Winter, are the only white people often within several miles. Even the White Trash has been eliminated and relegated to the Sand Hills. In those parts, local insurrections might well prevail, clearing off the bloody scenes of inveterate cruelties, and if well organized, they might hold their own until the frost should come to prepare the way for their enemies. Such fears are just and natural.

And how can this danger be removed? All the hangings, and burnings, and whippings to death only tell the slaves who see or hear of them that they are supposed capable of doing something to their masters, the very thought of which has occasioned these horrors. These stand to them in the stead of newspapers and of stump speeches. These arguments, thus written in fire and blood, instruct and encourage them. They form their public opinion. It shows them how formidable they are regarded by their masters and the particular fear that they inspire. Who can say that with these elements of knowledge, with the natural yearnings after liberty, with their imperfect information as to their probability of success, that daring spirits may not stir up local insurrections and have a taste of vengeance, if they may not feed fat their grudge? It is curious that the uneasiness among the slaves which has excited all their fears should have been the consequence of the denunciation of the Republicans as Abolitionists, by the Slaveholders, and their assertions that it was their object to set all the bondmen free. It shows how eagerly the ears of the slaves drink in all that touches on themselves; how readily it moves their excitable natures; and how surely a state of mind is ripening that may yet make what is now only a prophetic fear a dreadful, if only a partial, fulfilment.

Such a state of excitement as has been produced by these causes in the minds of the slaves is one that can never die out. It is in effect the beginning of a Revolution, and Revolutions never go backwards. Improbable as a successful Insurrection may be now, it will not be so always. Negro slavery cannot exist forever in the light of this nineteenth century after Christ, and of the centuries that are coming after it. If not peaceably abolished by the masters it will most inevitably be forcibly abolished by the slaves. It may not be for many years yet, but the memory, the rumours and the traditions of this dreaded insurrection will prepare the way for the day of reckoning that will be sure to come. And all the new restrictions upon the slaves, the curtailment of their scanty privileges and their small pleasures will help to keep up the state of stifled exasperation which always goes before sudden outbreak and fury. And the dread of these things, the instant that it is their due and may be their doom, is an ever haunting spectre which must sit more visibly than ever at the table of the slaveholder by day, and by his bedside by night. The fear which the slaves must have suffered in the prospect of the undiscriminating cruelty of their panic-stricken masters, had at least the consolation of the knowledge that that punishment had overtaken them and had driven them to these very barbarities. Such a fear as has shaken the South within the last two months, though it may make the co[illegible] worse than before, brings a yet heavie[illegible] to the white man. It is the just and r[illegible] tached to their crime, and one of w[illegible] themselves only by repentance and by justice. The slaveholder may not apprehend, in his cooler [illegible] that the slaves will sharpen the sab[illegible] of Revolution, [illegible] may well look for the possibility o[illegible] their w[illegible] the knife for his own throat, or setting death [illegible] his table.

As to the general morality of Insurrection, we hold [illegible] to stand thus: A state of natural war [illegible] exists between the masters and the slaves at the So[illegible] and i[illegible] by, or liable to, all the incidents of warfare. All but [illegible] very small number of men who renounce war as a means of righting wrongs even in the extremest cases, admit the perfect right of every oppressed people to rise on their oppressors, if they had a [illegible] ble prospect of success. This right the American slaves have, if ever victims of tyranny had it. The ex[illegible] that separates courage from rashness, and disting[illegible] Rebellion from Revolution, is precisely the one which hovers between success and failure. No humane man would encourage an Insurrection of the slaves in the present state of affairs, because it could not fail to add weight to their chains and keenness to their sufferings. And how a military hero (a militia one at least) like General W[illegible] setts, could fail to make this distinc[illegible] bullied by Mr. Brown of Mississippi on [illegible] cannot conceive. The opportunity was [illegible] along so naturally that one can hardly [illegible] could have helped embracing it. Of course, he must have d[illegible] claimed what he did not say; but he might have told [illegible] Senate and the world what he could have [illegible] to the natural right of the slaves to seize their liberty by force if they could, and as to the sympathy which [illegible] in common with the whole civilized world, would re[illegible] their struggle and their success.

THE TWENTY-THIRD NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

THE receipts of this Twenty-third Anti-Slavery Bazaar of 1856–7 are $5,250; an advance on the most successful previous year of several hundred dollars.

Thus, in spite of bad weather, an insufficient hall, and a recent election, the American Anti-Slavery Society is sustained more strongly than ever, to lead through the coming year the van of that national movement against slavery which it began a quarter of a century ago.

We rejoice, as aforetime, wishing it were a thousand fold greater, to place the whole result of our effort at the disposition of that Society. Not because it is the first movement in chronological order; nor because it is the parent of all the rest; nor because it is *our* Society—successful beyond hope or precedent. Such reasons are inf[illegible] tile, senile, partisan, sectarian, selfish. But we raise for the American Anti-Slavery Society this unsufficient offering of all we can (earnest of more hereafter), because, trampling down all temptation, it alone seeks not itself; because it alone is without prejudice of race, sect, sex or clime; because it alone has, on the subject of slavery, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and is not afraid or ashamed to proclaim it, as of all things most precious, at every risk and cost, as only able to make free; because it alone, seeing the necessity of tolerance as the handmaid of truth, and respecting the unity of mans nature, beholds with joy his heart awakening his intellect to the search of all reality and the rectifying of all wrong; because it alone, of all the institutions of our land, has no union with slaveholders; because it alone, leading the world in its method by centuries of advance, counts slave and master as equal, and frowns alike on bloody despotism and bloody insurrection; because *it is* what a fighting, slaveholding Church and State *pretend* to be; because it has the intellect and the heart to honour itself by identification with the man whose great thought and sublime self-sacrifice gave it existence; whom slaveholders and their Northern slaves insult and calumniate; whom bold foes acknowledge as the only type of an Abolitionist, and timid friends deny at convenience, while striving to profit by; of whom Republicans, borne into public notice by the movement he awakened, are yet ashamed and afraid, while so dull, that after seeing for twenty-five years of anarchy the standing offer of a Southern Legislature of $5,000 for his head, they startled that the heads of Senators are not safe.

In fine[illegible] rican Society, because it alone advocates *immediate* liberty for the slaves; because it alone never postpones its honourable and holy purpose till after election, or after ordination, or after to-morrow; but proclaims NOW as the time—if the United States of America are ever to become other than the scoff and stumbling-block of the world that they are this day.

"And how is this money to be expended?" we were often asked by practical ladies and gentlemen, taking their first look at the Bazaar. "We know you will reply, 'In abolishing slavery'; but in what shape do your American Anti-Slavery Society's bills come in?" It is a laudable curiosity. Allow us to send to your address the "NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD," our weekly newspaper. Terms, $2 00 per annum—published in New York as the official organ of the Society. Besides being one of the best papers in the world in a literary sense, it is the only absolutely free organ of an association, as *The Liberator* is of an individual. You know how many printers' and paper-makers' bills are paid for the organ of your sect or party. We pay the same for mankind. Only, as we have this unpopular object in view, the abolition of slavery, we cannot get rich as we could by sect or party; but our high hope is, to see the Cause grow at our expense. It would make us rich if we could consent to be mean too, and manage it as men do whose secondary point it is; leap upon it, politician like, and instead of carrying it onward to its goal, be carried by it to yours, and you will but commit so common an offence against it as to escape all censure. But Anti-Slavery men can neither peril their characters for honesty by perjury, nor for common sense by assertion against fact—the alternative before him who sits in the Congress of the United States.

But we have other expenses than those of paper and printing. These ensure a free press; and to sustain *the only free press in the world* is no common gratification. But we have in addition the satisfaction of paying the expenses (insufficiently enough, it is true) of men and women of a character, eloquence and power that this pro-slavery land is not worthy of. It longs, in vain, to degrade them, at any price, into its preachers, its statesmen, its social ornaments. They are more fitly employed in striving, by leading it to repentance, to avert the consequences of its sins. Thus we secure Free Speech to our country. Does the world know how little an Abolitionist can live on? So little, that a whole region can be enlightened for $5,000. Have any of you ever tried to estimate the moral height to which the public mind may be raised by the judicious application of no greater a weight than that?

In proportion to the means entrusted to us, *we* change men's minds. Having done this, we may safely leave it to *them* to change their representatives; which, with profligate and corrupt expenditure, they will not fail at length to do.

Thus were we questioned and heard; and we had the satisfaction of seeing our newly awakened visitors, for the first time in their lives, looking more than a year ahead. May they complete their glance at the future by acting in the present!

If we might fill up our small space with a report of the conversations at the Fair, much light would be thrown on the actual state of mind of the American people, showing how they mistake effect for cause, and spend their strength at the pumps before acknowledging a leak; how they expect from politics the fruits of piety, and from political economy the work of disinterestedness; accepting a praiseworthy land-speculation in one corner of the country (an admirable conjunction, it is true, of labour and capital), as the very end of the law for universal righteousness; and object to slavery not as the disgrace and ruin of human nature, but to slavery as the interruption of their laudable plans for their own interest in Kansas. Let us hope that the practical knowledge of it thus obtained will lead men to hate it no less for others' sake than for their own. Already we find instances in which that effect is produced.

It would fill pages to tell all that was said over the beautiful objects on exhibition, in the intervals of buying and selling.

"If you would buy five slaves with your $5,000, and set them free, I would help you. *That* would be something tangible. Or if you would but help off runaways! But you are visionary; and, *I* think, cruel. I give the fugitives ten dollars where your people give them a cent; and I don't pretend to be a philanthropist." How do you know what "our people" give them? Much or little, it is not what we are proud of doing. Is it to a trading community like this, that it is left to us to explain that your proposition would be a sorry speculation? We submit to common sense and compassion whether the cause that has made the freedom of these rapidly redoubling millions the question of the world, be not preferable to the one that buys five or helps off five hundred? Abolitionists do, as a fact, pay more than all the world besides for fugitives: though not, to be sure, the identical ten dollars that the sight of suffering shames out of pro-slavery men's pockets. This "helping off" is a comparatively hurtful thing. It perpetuates the evil it alleviates. "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee!" is the result of that far legislative glance into the future that men call prophecy. It breaks down the manly spirit of a people with an unequalled completeness to submit when slavery thus calls the roll of its victims—irrespective of colour. The white man is the more abject slave of the two. Take the measures that will eventually save the trouble of flight by abolishing its necessity, and make, meanwhile of every house and heart, a place of refuge. The Romans boasted that to be a Roman was greater than a king. Alas! to be an American is to be, in this regard, far less than any modern royalty. While the American Anti-Slavery Society delights to be the almoner of those who are more touched by compassion than alive to right and justice, and while its members know and feel more about the fugitive slaves than any other set of persons in the land, its aim is to break the bonds of wickedness, and not to strengthen them by hasty, habitual submission to a wicked law.

And how has the money to be thus worthily appropriated been obtained? No question was more frequently asked by new comers than this: "Where do all these beautiful things come from?"

We seize the occasion to acknowledge most gratefully, that it is not in vain we early made "our country the world, and our countrymen all mankind"—for men and women of all nations have come to our help. We have received, in all cases, valuable and profitable, and, in some instances, splendid donations from England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Switzerland; and from individuals of almost every other country under heaven. The elegance and profusion with which these gifts were poured out touched every beholder with admiration, and all desired to follow us in imagination to their foreign homes. Many times we made the rounds of the hall to this effect with admiring friends. In the most conspicuous place stood the bust of our beloved and lamented English friend —ESTLIN; as if presiding over the effort be gave his life, to the last hour, to cherish. We entreat his devoted daughter to receive our warmest thanks for sending this successful piece of statuary. To such as know the fine play of his graceful and expressive countenance in daily life, this bust, taken after his death, leaves much to desire; but to those who have only seen him in public, it gives an excellent idea of the strength, the tenacity, and the dignity of his benign character.

It might seem invidious, where all was so rarely fancied and so beautiful, to mention particular objects as having been extraordinarily successful; especially as novelty, individual taste, and the passing caprice of the hour have so much to do with success on occasions like these, that our report might prove delusive for another year. Still, every consideration of gratitude, good taste and anti-slavery foresight bids us not to omit honourable mention of the Ayreshire tartan wood-work, from Edinburgh, sent on the judgment of our beloved friend, Mrs. STOWE—and a sound judgment it proved—the incomparable shawls, infants' cloaks and Berlin wool-work from Glasgow, the fine table linen from Perth, the complete set of drawing-room chair-covers from Cork, the elegant writing materials, from our friends, Mrs. Allen and Webb, and the beautiful Irish knitting and crochet-work, after patterns of old continental guipure from Dublin.

The excellent contributions from Leigh, Newcastle and Warrington, the linen damask from that venerable friend of the Cause, Mr. INGLIS, of Dumfermline, of which he presents the first pattern to Philanthropy in advance of Commerce—the splendid photographs from Paris, Preston, Edinburgh and San Francisco, the costume-dolls from Bristol, Halifax and Angiers (France), each a model for a *bal-costume*—the splendid hexagon silk patch-work cushion from Halifax, the charming wood-work and coloured views from Switzerland and from Paris, the wonderfully [illegible]utiful woollen-knit bed, table and cushion-covers, the chiselled bronzes and the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] carved and useful tea-caddy from Bury, the quilted silk to let jewel-boxes of Nottingham, with all its n[illegible] uncut contributions the truly artistic landscapes and figures in water-colours, from London, Bristol, Nottingham, Leeds and Edinburgh; the splendid reversible drawing-room rug, from Mr. CROSSLEY, the product of his own manufactory at Halifax (we seem to see his English artists, working after Watteau and Monnoyer in old Continental palaces to furnish the bouquet, the landscape, and the Louis Quinze *or moulu* border of its *two right sides*—unlike in this to the popular estimate of the justest controversy, as a thing that has *two wrong ones*).

But, beautiful and remarkable as all these things were, no table presented a more brilliant appearance, or attracted a more steady patronage, than the exclusively American one of our devoted friend of so many years, Mrs. OBER; where organization, economy, perseverance, sound judgment, admirably seconded devotedness to the cause.

The son of our honoured and church persecuted old friend, AMORY BABCOCK, of Sherburne, gave the Bazaar his science as a naturalist, and his skill as a taxidermist. The beautiful group of Birds, which ornamented the table in front of the door of entrance, were speedily disposed of to good advantage for the cause.

The welcome present of Mr. BRAINARD, the enterprising Lithographic publisher of the heads of the "CHAMPIONS" and the "HERALDS OF FREEDOM," was a most valuable one. Competition ran highest for the latter. It is a group of the heads of WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, SAMUEL J. MAY, THEODORE PARKER, JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, GERRIT SMITH; and to our foreign friends, as well as those at home, we need only say, it is the best Lithograph existing of these seven Champions and Heralds of the cause. Mr. BRAINARD presented to the Bazaar, in addition, the single lithographic heads of Mr. SUMNER and Mr. THEODORE PARKER: of the latter, we received the valuable present of twelve octavo volumes of his works.

The Book-table, with its presentation copies of authors, and portfolios of rare engravings, its autographs and old books, its seals, cameos, gems, medals, was never more attractive. It were in vain to try to enumerate and fitly acknowledge all these various curiosities of Literature and Art. The rare old pictorial Bibles, after the old masters, from Monsieur Laugel—the book of Memorials of the early abolition days of England, from Mr. Burnham—the illustrations of Henry Longfellow's Excelsior and Samuel Longfellow's Hymn, from the LIBERTY BELL, set to music and returned to us from Dublin by Mr. MOSES—the Passion-Flowers and Words of the Hour of our gifted friend Mrs. HOWE—the Sermons, which might well bear a similar title of the honoured, well-remembered Vinet—the collection of Poems of our promising Edinburgh friends "Isa" and "Bessy Parkes," the abstract of English laws respecting Women, the delicate manuscript "*si mignon*," entitled "Fleurs," from Switzerland—

> "De ce Leman Vaudois que pomine Montreux,"

words of the sainted Vinet, and the learned Troyon, and the youthful Durand—these were all *treasures* in a double sense, and thanks are poor acknowledgment.

Natural and scientific curiosities and collections were as abundant as literary ones. There were algæ from every coast, sent by the ladies of Britain and the prisoners at Belile. Here were ferns from every field, and shells from every sea, scientifically arranged, or poetically described. The most remarkable were the velvet volume from Glasgow and the framed group from Edinburgh.

The address of these sea-weeds, collected from the Frith of Forth, on the shores of Pinkie and Preston, and in view of the Bass Prison of Carberry Hill, to the American public, merits insertion.

SEA-WEED'S ADDRESS.

> "Where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloom'd"
> BEATTIE.
>
> Regard us not as strangers! our race rose
> At the creative word that call'd forth thine,
> And with the doom'd earth share in part thy woes,
> And like thee for a new creation pine.
>
> Perchance, too, over our ancestral roots,
> Thy early patriarchs while musing stray'd;
> And when the Spring called forth the tender shoots,
> Have tiny feet amid our leaflets played.
>
> Since then, the Ocean claimed us for its own,
> And we have dwelt beneath its surges free;
> Meek and submissive, till Hi[illegible] "will be done,"
> When sorrow past, there shall be "no more sea."
>
> Hast thou forgot the Lord, that we have heard
> Oft on our shores the cry of blood and strife,
> And every vagrant breeze our groves that stirred,
> Hath sighed the mournful tale of human life?
>
> And the winds wail the sorrows they have seen,
> Oppressed, and the oppressor everywhere;
> Burdened with all the groans that e'er have been,
> They bear the record written upon air—
>
> Until the Judge unroll the scroll and read:
> O, pray thy page may then unsullied be!
> Earth shall unfold her secrets, yield her dead,
> And thou shalt live where there is "no more sea."

The little collection of crocuses, seen through skeleton leaves,

> "Spring peeping through the prison bars of Winter,"

was greatly admired.

Through the kindness of our foreign contributors, our shelves were rich this year in children's stories and illustrated books, and these always sell well. The one in manuscript was read and admired by many. We thank our Philadelphia friends for the interesting slave story, "Mark and Hasty," written by one of their young ladies of sixteen—a true tale. We thank our Leeds friends for that potent influence that speaks for the midland counties, and warns Americans not to mistake the tone of the *Times* for the voice of the people of England. The same friends, too, we have to thank for the true English voice which instils a hatred of the loathsome thing we war with into the soul of the very infant in the nurse's arms. *This* is statesman-like; for the world's action is renewed every fifteen years: therefore take the first ten—"with no force, but with influences." Our hearts were rejoiced by this alphabet of slavery:

ALPHABET OF SLAVERY.

> *A* Is an AFRICAN torn from his home.
> *B* Is a BLOODHOUND to catch all that roam.
> *C* Is the COTTON PLANT slaves pick and hoe.
> *D* Is the DRIVER who makes their blood flow.
> *E* Is for ENGLAND which slaves long to see,
> Her daughter, fair Canada, whither they flee.
> *F* Is a FUGITIVE—hide him by day!
> The North Star at Midnight will show him the way.
> *G* Is for GAMBLER, who, drunken and wild,
> Stakes money and bowie knife, mother and child.
> *H* Is SLAVE HUNTER with horse and gun,
> The ugliest monster that's under the sun.
> *I* Is for INFANT at mother's breast found,
> Was sold at an auction one guinea a pound.
> *J* Is the JOURNEY when many slaves die,
> Their grave the deep waters, their shroud the blue sky.
> *K* The vile KIDNAPPER stole a poor man
> *L* Was the LAWYER who joined in the plan.
> *M* Was the MERCHANT who bartered for gold.
> *N* The poor NEGRO like pig or horse sold.
> *O* Is OHIO, the train starts from here
> Of that underground railway, the slaveholder's fear.
> *P* Are some PREACHERS with slaves like the rest,
> They buy them, and whip them, then pray to be blest.
> *Q* Stands for QUAKER, who helps the poor slave,
> A hero of heroes both peaceful and brave.
> *R* Is the RICE SWAMP, a sickening place,
> Where ague and fever soon finish the race:
> *S* Is for SUGAR—slave-grown—and shrewd sages
> Declare 'twould be better if Negroes had wages.
> *T* Is TOBACCO—I don't like the weed—
> To sow it and dress it the Negroes oft bleed.
> *U* Is that UNION of stripes and of stars,
> The slaves get the stripes, yes! and plenty of scars.
> *V* Is VIRGINIA where Uncle Tom's wife
> With children and home were the joy of his life.
> *W* Is the WHIP, which with paddle and chain,
> Stocks, thumbscrew, and bell give them terrible pain.
> *X* Ends the REFLEX of every one's mind,
> The better for all men when gentle and kind.
> *Y* Is for YOUTH, and wherever you be
> *Z* ealously labour to set the slaves free.

Leeds, July, 1856.

A word of information is due to distant friends as to the public attendance. Well continued to the last, it was at first absolutely overwhelming. A stranger wishing to know a Boston public by sight could not have done better than to have placed himself by our friends Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. Whipple, and Mr. Merritt, who moved ("*quam dilecta!*") to keep the door—an act most gracious to ourselves, and profitable to the Cause. There were Senators and constituents, ministers and people paying them tribute as they passed. Many a friend from the Old World was admitted by them, to learn by actual observation "the state of this market." Some came who have known and heard of the Abolitionists in other climes, to show their courtesy, if not to bid them God-speed; and all who came found themselves surrounded by acquaintances.

Fugitive slaves, with the hunter hot upon their track, men, women and little children, took refuge here as at an altar in olden time. Wo for Christian New England when such must be sped on their way through her borders! In the Greece of Euripides the beasts were "protected by the rocks, and vile slaves by the altars of the gods." The New England of to-day affords the slave no rock nor altar. The vile master holds his cane over her head, and she dares not disobey. To know how terribly withering to men's moral nature is this reign of pro-slavery terror, look at the Senator Henry Wilson, the personal friend of Abolitionists, their political servant, and their co-worker for the slave's freedom: hear what he is compelled to utter by the torture of his position, ground under the heel of the Slave Powe[illegible] d he come gre[illegible]ing cordially his disunion constitue[illegible] instituted to raise mo[illegible] [illegible] Society which, fifteen [illegible] "a covenant with de[illegible] and whose [illegible]word [illegible] C[illegible] had the power, a traitor [illegible] us these his words as [illegible] United States? No pl[illegible] Slave Power; no explanation of the [illegible] hand, or save him from di[illegible] the South to murder, in the name of the Republican party, as Dr. Channing's did, in the name of forgiveness, in 1835. We count them *weakness: all* wickedness is.

We were delighted with the lesson to travellers, as to the best use of their time, conveyed in the little box of shells from Iona—that Iona consecrated by the majestic monuments of early Christian Britain, among whose rivers Johnson thought piety should as surely grow warmer as patriotism should strengthen on the plain of Marathon. We shall cause this charming lesson of literature and philanthropy to be reprinted.

It is with very solemn and deep feelings that we proceed to take note of another class of contributions in our grateful record—the work of young girls at school, and young boys in English homes, whose gifts came carefully inscribed, "With Master Hume's best wishes," "For the slaves, with little Arthur's love"—the work of the aged the poor, the suffering, the bereft—the product of the labourer's short hour of leisure, and the invalid's brief season of ease; the tokens of the devoted hearts of house hold servants and charity children; the touching memorials, sent by survivors, of those who loved the Cause living, and served it dying; the dedication of the valued presents of dear friends; of splendid jewelry with no name, or with an inscription which explains nothing, but the Giver's noble heart.

We must tell, in her own words, of the charming contributions of Miss PERCIVAL's pupils. She is writing to our beloved Bristol friend, Mrs. Herbert Thomas:

MY DEAR MRS. THOMAS: I think you will be pleased with our contribution, for several reasons. The dear children have made unusual exertions, as we have had no articles sent from Strand this year ("*'tis all our own*"), and fearing, on that account, our collection would be small, they proposed to give up their *pic-nic*, and that the money spent on that should be devoted to purchasing toys for the Bazaar. I the more value this sacrifice, as it is a treat anticipated with great delight from one year to another. After giving them time to think over their offer, I gladly accepted it; and never did I see children more pleased than they were when their companions returned with the purchases. I knew this would interest you, and therefore do not apologize for my note. I hope you will like our dolls; we have endeavoured to carry out your hint.

I remain, yours faithfully, M. PERCIVAL.

In a chest of beautifully-made dolls' clothes from Belfast, was found the following:

> Please accept our gift so small,
> For a little Boston doll.
> Little hands have sewed each hem,
> While little hearts have warmed for them—
> The poor black children, born to be
> Brought up and sold in slavery.
> Oh! the gift is poor indeed!
> But take, oh take it, we would plead,
> Because 'tis all we have to send
> To show ourselves the negro's friend,
> And, next year, by work and thrift,
> We'll strive to send a better gift.

MARY LYTLE,
MARY IRELAND,
SARAH MCKISBON,
MAGGIE LYTLE.

In the box from Bristol came the subjoined letter:

LYMINGTON, HANTS, Sept. 10, 1856.

TO MRS. CHAPMAN, Massachusetts—*My Dear Madam:* A favour which I venture to request gives me the pleasing occasion of addressing you.

Will you kindly oblige me by transmitting the enclosed letter—as early as your convenience allows—to the Senator Chas. Sumner. It contains a signet ring which I offer for his acceptance as a pledge of the interest that I, in common with all England, and all civilization, take in the eloquent Defender, not of Kansas only, but of Liberty herself, outraged and wounded in his person.

> "But Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, *is always won.*"

Wishing all prosperity to your noble cause, and to yourself and with kindred regard to Miss Weston, Mrs. Follen, and all who resemble them,

I remain, my dear Madam,
Very cordially and affectionately,
Your friend,
MARA STORY.

P. S. Thinking you might like to see the seal, I enclose an impression. 'Tis from a design by my late sister, a lyre, on which is pictured an Owl—symbol of Harmony presided over by Wisdom.

We need not say with what high satisfaction and sympathy the ring and communication enclosed were forwarded by us to their destination. Massachusetts has since sent Mr. Sumner back to the Senate. If she had not "lacked gall to make oppression bitter," she *could not* have been so subdued to the shame she works in as to send any son of her's where she can neither enforce his rights nor protect him from assassins. Mr. Sumner will be eager to be again, though it were to die, at the post of danger; but oh, to Massachusetts what dishonour! Recal him! with every other ambassador and representative to the Slave Power!—and save the Massachusetts of the nineteenth century from the contempt of all coming time.

The annexed letter, from the Rev. Dr. MASSIE, of London, will cheer and strengthen many hearts, even while filling them with so heavy an individual sorrow; awakening fresh resolution for a higher fidelity while earnestly desiring the continuance of the high example our dear friend's life sets before us:

LONDON, Nov. 14, 1856.

MRS. CHAPMAN—*My Dear Madam:* The enclosed Bank post bill is drawn in your favour, for the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar. Will you acknowledge it as remitted by Mrs. MASSIE? Sixteen pounds are from a sum placed at her own disposal; ten pounds from Miss STRUCH; five pounds from Mrs. REID; and five pounds from N. CRABBE ROBINSON, Esq. Will you kindly provide that these sums and names shall appear in the *Anti-Slavery Standard?* Some few articles have been sent to Mrs. MASSIE, at Upper Clapton, and transferred to Miss GRANT, of Perth, or Miss ESTLIN, of Bristol, which will be forwarded by those ladies, with other contributions. I fear there is little prospect that my beloved wife will again be able to co-operate with you, your sister and other colleagues, in your honourable enterprise. She has long had it in her heart to strive, by prayer and effort, to set the negro slave free. I have known none more constant or unflinching, or more enlightened and more catholic. Her husband has altogether sympathized with her, and rejoiced in her sacrifices and occasional success. It is possible she is premature in her expectation, but she waits the summons to another land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Her confidence is in the Rock of Ages, and her eye is unto Him in whose sight "precious is the death of his saints." Her trust is in an infinite Redeemer, who has made himself an offering for her, and has taken away her sins by the sacrifice of himself. Accept my apology for intruding on your notice and time, as I act in the capacity of her substitute.

You are engaged in antagonism with a deadly and accursed crime, the national commission of which can meet with no propitiation or atonement under the just judgment of Heaven.

I do not anticipate the return of Fremont, or believe that his platform would secure an equitable or desirable solution of the question. I dread the prospect, as steeped in the blood of the wretched criminal. The Judge of all the earth will do right. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but his day will come, as a thief in the night.

Yours, faithfully, JAMES WM. MASSIE.

We cannot pass over, without comment, the saintly grace of life displayed in the above letter of a man in the highest standing as an evangelical divine in England, enclosing the contributions of his own family, with those of persons in the highest standing as Unitarians, to the American Anti-Slavery Society, whose hour of toil and battle knows no distinction of creed: not because its members consider belief as of secondary importance, but because the firmness of their own convictions makes each sacredly respect the rights of others.

The same catholic spirit which we have always felt it a blessing to exercise, animates the letter of our esteemed Swiss fellow-labourers:

"Be assured, madam, with all your honoured co-labourers, that our gift is no measure of our sympathy for the cause. Yet, having only a mite to offer, we do it to serve Him who came to proclaim the new commandment of Love, and to sustain all those who are battling in the United States for liberty and humanity.

"God be with you, ladies! honoured sisters in Jesus Christ! with his help and blessing! granting you the joy of speedy triumph for the Christian cause in which you are engaged!

"In the name of the ladies of Lausanne and the Canton de Vaud, I have the honour of offering you their fraternal salutations, with the assurance of being

"Yours, faithfully, LOUIS BRIDEL.

"One of the pastors of the Evangelical Free Church of Lausanne."

But, among the letters of cheer and support received, none was more welcome than that of the venerable and beloved THOMAS STURGE. Such letters are no novelty from him. From the time when he witnessed the selfish and dishonest attempt to disperse the Anti-Slavery body in 1839–'40, by the trusted traitors who pretended to be its friends, his contributions have been cotemporary with every trying crisis. The present letter enclosed £300 for the use of the Cause, "from my sister Esther and myself, because we are too old and feeble in health to aid the Bazaar by a box of contributions." This great good man who condescends so touchingly to such an insignificant means of raising funds as this (only adopted because no other is practicable in the present state of things), was the co-worker for British emancipation of ZACHARY MACAULAY, who, to quote Mr. Sturge's own felicitous expression, "had the happiness of getting through his work without being overburdened with fame." And yet to him, perhaps, more than to any other one man, is British Emancipation owing. In all his great labours and successes, Mr. THOMAS STURGE was intimately associated. His name makes the bright link that connects the day of Zachary Macaulay, of Clarkson, of Wilberforce, of Buxton and of Brougham and O'Connell with our own. the [illegible] *Reporter* was *The Anti-Slavery Re*[illegible] [illegible] its publication. [illegible] know something of the real facts of [illegible] Sturge's invaluable [illegible] [illegible] American [illegible] Society as [illegible] [illegible] gift of [illegible] [illegible] with the cause of liberty in its darkest hour in ours—giving her fame as a successful novelist, great stateswoman and sectarian leader to its stern, unsparing use.*

This unrivalled tapestry, which was to us the emblem of a whole nature devoted in all its seasons to the cause, was displayed above the head of our honoured and beloved senior Manager, marked $100; but speedily withdrawn from public competition in the following manner:

JANUARY 1st, 1857.

TO MRS. CHAPMAN—*Dear Friend:* Deeming this work of Harriet Martineau's precious hours too sacred for sale, we beg you to accept it from us—feeling she could wish it no better home than in the keeping of her most intimate friend.

Ann Greene Phillips,	Francis Jackson,
C. F. Hovey,	Edmund Jackson,
Louisa Loring,	Susan Cabot,
Mary May,	Carrie Wild,
Mary Gray Chapman,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Edmund Quincy,	Richard Clap,
Samuel May, Jr.,	Eliza F. Eddy,
Samuel Philbrick,	Charles Follen,
Henrietta Sargent,	A. W. May,
Eliza Lee Follen,	F. A. Kingsbury,
Francis Mary Robbins,	Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Helen E. Garrison,

Thomas Earle.

This array of names, with its statement of reasons, overcame (as what shall they not overcome?) any natural reluctance to appropriate the most beautiful and valuable object in the Bazaar, since its beauty and value were, at that moment, lost sight of in the friendships of which it thus became the sign and the memorial.

Grateful as this occasion ever is, as combining so much of the interest pertaining to literature, taste and art, its chief attraction is as a centre of union to Abolitionists. Hither, while it continues, they come daily to impart to each other their hopes, plans and counsels; and never, surely, was there so important a moment for their interchange. The election, from which many hoped so much, is lost. Plainly, it is not by such methods that we are to win. Change your method, we say to all who are disposed to give up the contest:

> "——Perche si cessa?
> Perche la guerra omai non si rennova,
> A liberar Gerusalemme oppressa?"

Letters upon letters are here written and received in strain like those told of by

> "The bard that Salem's conquest sung,"

"to spur the generous soul, and awaken slumbering virtue."

To-morrow is the Festival—the quarter-century commemoration—the feast we are to share before we gather with our "disunion" friends at Worcester. No wonder the bread we break seems a passover, and the cup a sacrament. No wonder it should seem, in the cheerful, solemn dignity that shines in every face, so unlike any other meeting the men of this generation have looked upon. Such things are hardly to be seen in one life-time twice. No wonder such utterances leave the listener, like Godfrey of Bouillon,

> "——ai detti, allo splendore,
> D'occhi abbagliato—attonito di core."

Since last year, two more friends have been added to those for whom "we might forget our sorrow in our pride." The death of the excellent Mrs. REMOND made a breach in our ranks, on this occasion, that it was found utterly impossible to fill. That of the venerable madam RODMAN, of New Bedford, afflicted all hearts with a feeling of orphanage. Herself a birthright Abolitionist—the daughter of one who hated slavery with his whole heart, whose whole life was a battle against it—she became the friend and firm supporter of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, CHARLES LENOX REMOND, and their coadjutors of the present day. From the retirement of her extremest age went forth influences, during all the last twenty-five years, which, for her, completed a century. She was the venerated head of the family, of which our unfailing friend ANDREW ROBESON is a member, and every Abolitionist, whom her wide influence reached, was ready to unite in his heartfelt words: "Mother! I had not so well stood fast through all these times, but for thee!"

And now, sanctified as this cause is by our hopes for generations yet unborn, as well as hallowed by every

*We are not unmindful of four others, the apostle, the advocate, the friend of the cause—George Thompson, E. S. Abdy, Francis Bishop, and the Earl of Carlisle—all of whom are guarded from the reproach of the above statement.

...membrance of the departed, what is our soul's profound conviction as we mark its progress through the world, summoning to its aid "all memories fair and blest"—while the weary turn to it for cheer, and the sad for consolation? That, verily, this is a cause so deep-freighted with the sympathies of the world, that each of the humblest embarked in its service may say, with exulting fusion of heart—

"They come to shore, who sail with me!"

Nothing, indeed, can, in the nature of things, be more rapid or more sure than this transit from Slavery to Freedom. We know how sure, by the amount of trash we throw overboard, to make way for the world's all-potent sympathy: we feel how swift, by the beating of the tempest we raise as we are borne onward. All we are willing ...s to buy we shall have; the exact amount of redemption for our land, that we are willing to pay for in personal sacrifice. *Hence* we assure our distant coadjutors that Liberty is at hand.

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Our home contributions and supplies were from the following cities and towns:

Boston, besides the contributions of the Managers and their friends, a parcel of articles was received from Mrs. Goodrich.

Brookline, by Miss Putnam, from circle of friends gathered together by Mrs. Follen.

Brooklyn (Conn.), 1 box and 1 barrel, by Mrs. Whitcomb, from a few friends, including the fine cheeses from Messrs. Philip and Elwin Scarborough.

Charlestown, by the Misses Stetson.

Cummington, by Miss Kingman, 1 box of articles. [The money enclosed ($8) stolen by the way.]

Cambridge, 1 parcel, by Mrs. Howe.

Concord, contributions by Mrs. Brooks.

Cincinnati, contributions by Mrs. Ernst.

Duxbury, contributions by Misses Bradford.

Dorchester, by Miss Carlton.

Fitchburg, and Milford (N. H.), by Mrs. Drake.

Ghent, N. Y., by Mrs. Powell.

Hanover, by express, from M. Stetson.

Hingham, box of refreshments, by Miss Thaxter.

Lynn, 1 box of refreshments and shoes, by Mrs. Johnson.

Lexington, 1 box from Miss Watson, received early in the season (sent under circumstances which demand of us peculiar thanks).

New York, from Mrs. Bramhall.

Pembroke, beautiful quilt from Mrs. McLauthlin.

Portland, by Miss Southwick.

Portsmouth, by Mrs. Hatch.

Philadelphia, by Miss Pugh.

Picton, handwriting of Alex. M'Phail.

Plymouth, by Miss Allen.

Staten Island, by Mrs. Gay.

Sudbury, by Mrs. Brown.

Salem, by Mrs. Smith and C. E. Putnam.

Warren, 3 parcels and 1 box, by Miss Cutter and Mrs. Mary Anne Bishop Blair.

Upton, refreshments, articles and clothing for fugitives, by Mrs. Bradish.

Nothing was in general more saleable than the unexpensive but perfectly-made children's clothing, the exquisite pocket-book work (morocco sewed), and the perfectly proportioned knitting of these contributions. I find this memorandum on the envelope in which I preserved the lists: "Mem. To mention the perfection of lady-like neatness in all the articles from the New England country towns. To what owing?" But to say to what it is owing would involve a philosophical history of New England. We hope to see a fuller representation of its towns next year, and invite a preparatory correspondence.

The Refreshment Table, remarkable for its excellence, was this year carried on by the plan of each Manager, so far as practicable, becoming responsible for its supply during one day. We were most efficiently sustained by friends from both city and country, and hasten to thank them for the Cause's sake.

We never before received so much of that kind aid and accommodation which makes a heavy labour light. We are especially obliged to Mrs. Mayer and Mrs. Vinton for generous loans and donations; to Mr. Waterman, for much help in the same way; to Col. Loring, Messrs. Crocker & [illegible] osby & Nichols, Mr. Prentiss, Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Clapp, Winter street, for gene[illegible] stationery; to Mr. Nell and his corps of [illegible] kindness in distributing the invita[illegible] H[o]wland and Hinckley for a new manilla [illegible] [Cu]mmings, for the amount of his bill; [illegible] most hospitable accommodation of [illegible] the editors of the *Telegraph, Tran*[illegible] *Mercury* (and many others whose kind[illegible] reached our eye), for gratuitous insertion [illegible] mention; to Mr. J. B. Smith, for loan of [illegible] friendly offices; to those who so [illegible] with our request to give us the bene[fit of] consultation [illegible] real mercantile knowledge as to prices; to Mr. Richardson, recently a slave, for several days' gratuitous service. There are others who have done for private friendship what they would not have done for the cause; others still to whom thanks might prove embarrassing; yet all are appreciated and held in proportionately grateful remembrance, for the Cause's sake. To all the above-named we sent cards of admission, which we greatly regret to learn in some instances failed to reach their destination.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Received and expended in Paris for the Bazaar, by Caroline Weston.

Anna Shaw Greene,	500 francs.
W. Chapman,	520 "
Other American friends, by H. Wild,	5 "

Money received and applied for the Bazaar.

Henrietta Sargent,	$10 00
Sarah S. Russell,	30 00
John G. Palfrey (for Liberty Bell),	3 00
Sarah B. Shaw,	40 00
Charlotte Joy,	10 00
Ann T. G. Phillips,	12 00
Louisa Loring,	10 00
Mary G. Chapman,	20 00
Francis Jackson,	20 00
Mrs. Edwin Chapman, Bristol, Eng., by Mrs. Follen, through S. May, Jr.,	25 00
Thomas Brown (by W. C. Nell),	2 00
Richard Clap, Dorchester,	10 00
Elisha C. Clapp,	3 00
Miriam Johnson, and friends in Lynn,	25 00
Warren Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society,	1 80
Elizabeth Gay,	4 75
Elizabeth Coombs,	50
Alexander Esty (by C. F. Hovey),	1 00
Misses Andrews (by C. K. Whipple),	6 00
Eliza H. Apthorp (by Miss Thayer),	10 00
Rev. F. Frothingham, Portland,	5 00
Liberty Bell sales, by Miss Holley,	20 00
Sale of picture frame,	75
Dr. C. C. Field (by Mrs. Drake),	2 50
Mrs. Hatch, Portsmouth,	13 00
John Mawson (Eng.), by Parker Pillsbury,	£2 2

By the Rev. J. W. Massie, D.D., London.	£ s d
Mrs. Massie,	16 0 0
Miss Sturch,	10 0 0
Mrs. Reid,	5 0 0
H. Crabbe Robinson, Esq.,	5 0 0
Jane Wigham, postage stamps,	1 0
E. Howarth (Bury, Eng.),	3 10 6
Mara Story (Lymington, Hants),	10 0
By Joseph Lupton, Leeds,	3 18 6
A friend for the Anti-Slavery Tract Fund),	$5 00

By Samuel May, Jr.	
A friend,	$3 00
Prentiss & Sawyer,	6 00
Richard Hopkins (South Whitley, Ia.),	2 50
Perley King, South Danvers,	3 00
C. F. Hovey,	10 00

☞ The donation of THOMAS and ESTHER STURGE (£300), received during the Bazaar, does not appear in its receipts, but was paid immediately to the Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Contributions of Articles from friends in Europe.

Ambleside—1 parcel from H. Martineau.
Bristol—2 boxes from Mary Estlin and Anna Thomas, enclosing contributions from Southampton, Ilminster, and Chatham.
Bury—1 box by E. Howarth.
Belfast—Articles from Mary Ireland.
Bridgewater—1 box from Mr. Steinthal, including Mr. Mitchell's.
Cork—1 box by Miss Jennings, enclosed in
Dublin—2 do. by Mrs. Edmundston and R. D. Webb.
Edinburgh—1 do. by Mrs. Wigham, enclosing contributions from Reading, and Bolton, and Leight, and Preston.
Glasgow—1 do. by Andrew Paton.
Halifax—1 do. by Joseph Scowby, enclosed in
Leeds—1 do. by Joseph Lupton.
Nottingham—1 do. by Eliza Eddison.
Manchester—1 do. by Miss Whitlegge, enclosing contributions from Sheffield, Birkenhead, and
Warrington—1 do. by Miss Robson.
Perth—1 do. by Mr. Morton.
Paris—4 boxes from Miss Weston, Madame Andre-Walther and others.
Switzerland—1 do. by Louis Bridel.

While renewing the expression of our gratitude to the above-named dear friends for all these beautiful testimonies of their attachment to the Cause, we entreat them to convey the same to each of their several contributors. We owe acknowledgments that can never be sufficiently made to do justice to our feelings, to every name mentioned in the letters affixed to the contributions.

Especially are our acknowledgments due to the friends who have announced their willingness to fulfil a most onerous service in the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*.

Letters and Parcels received in the several Boxes, and forwarded as follows:

Per Bristol Box	2 parcels for Mr. Pillsbury.
" Edinburgh Box	1 parcel for Mrs. J. B. Syme.
	2 do. for Mr. Pillsbury, with two letters.
	1 box to Mrs. Stowe.
	1 letter James Martin.
	1 do. Mary Nicholson.
" Glasgow do.	1 parcel for Henry C. Wright.
	1 do. for Wendell Phillips.
" Leeds do.	1 do. for Frederick Douglass.
	1 do. for W. L. Garrison.
	1 do. for Mr. W. Walker.
	1 do. Philadelphia Bazaar to Miss Pugh.
" Paris do.	1 box from C. W.
" Suisse do.	1 letter for Mrs. Stowe.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

WE invite the attention of those interested to the advertisement, in another place, of a series of Anti-Slavery Conventions about to be held at various prominent points in the State of New York. Ever since the factions and disorganizing secession of 1840, the American Anti-Slavery Society, in this State as well as elsewhere, has had to contend, with feeble pecuniary means, against a public opinion embittered by sectarian animosity and inflamed alike by the malignant misrepresentations of open enemies and the insidious calumnies of men whose treachery to the cause it had been constrained to unmask. That Society, however, "still lives," and its friends are making one more effort to commend its uncompromising principles and policy to the notice and regard of the earnest friends of freedom in such of the principal cities and towns of this State as can be induced to lend an ear to its agents and champions. For some time past, several of these agents have been labouring in the Northern portions of the State, under many difficulties and discouragements. Various circumstances have conspired to make their meetings small. The Winter storms have been severe, and in some cases the notices of the meetings have had but a very limited circulation; but the most discouraging obstacle that they have encountered has been the general torpor which has followed the Presidential election and the indifference and deadness of soul which has seized not a few of those who, in past times, have been active in the cause. In many instances, Republicans have evinced a deeper hostility to uncompromising Anti-Slavery than was formerly exhibited by politicians of other parties, and they have not hesitated to employ their influence, sometimes openly and sometimes secretly, to prevent our agents from obtaining a hearing. We mention this fact with deep regret, and in the hope that it may serve to impress the minds of the few friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the vicinity of the places where Conventions remain to be held with the importance of doing all in their power, as well by personal attendance and coöperation as by advertisements in the local press, to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of the faithful agents who are endeavouring to enlighten the people in relation to the great issues now before the country. The speakers who are advertised to attend the Conventions are able and earnest champions of the cause, who never fail to edify their hearers and advance the cause in the communities where their labours are bestowed.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

[The following letter, as the date will show, was intended for last week's STANDARD, but, owing to the storm, it failed to reach us in time. The principal facts in relation to the recent slave case have already been presented, but as our correspondent discloses some particulars not embraced in the former accounts and throws a clearer light upon the atrocious wickedness involved in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, we publish his letter without abridgement.—EDS. STANDARD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19th, 1857.

OUR city has been disgraced by another Fugitive Slave Case. I had half hoped that we were to witness no more of these revolting spectacles; but this was of course looking for too much. As long as we have fugitive slaves and a Fugitive Slave law—fugitive slave officers and fugitive slave courts—and on our borders slave-breeders, slave-traders and professional slave-catchers, we shall not be without liability to a recurrence of these outrages. The particulars of this last case you will find in the newspaper reports of the proceedings—several of which I herewith send you. The chief facts were these:

On Thursday last, a young mulatto man of about 20 years of age was arrested in this city as the property of a Wm. H. Gatchell of Baltimore. The parties who apprehended him were Deputy Marshals Jenkins and Crossin—the same that were so disgracefully connected with the outrage perpetrated on the fugitive Thomas, several years ago, at Wilkesbarre. They seized him on a warrant issued by David Paul Brown, Jr., who, it appears, has been appointed, since the death of the infamous Ingraham, a United States Commissioner. This David Paul Brown, Jr., is a son of the lawyer of the same name, who in times past won for himself an honourable reputation as a champion of freedom, but whose character, in this respect, it must be confessed, has of late days lost a good deal of its lustre. There are associations, however, still connected with the name which could not fail to give rise to astonishment when the facts were announced that an alleged slave had been arrested under a warrant from David Paul Brown, Jr., and that David Paul Brown, Jr., was the Commissioner who was to sit in judgment upon the case. "Who is this David Paul Brown, Jr.?" was a question that was in every one's mouth. "Is it true that he is a son of our old friend David Paul Brown, the man who used to scathe with such eloquent indignation all aiders and abettors in this infamous business?" Of course, there was but one answer to be given to these interrogatories. You can well imagine the expressions of surprise and disgust with which that answer would be received.

The counsel for the slave-catcher was also a new man in this dirty business. From some of his antecedents perhaps there was nothing better to be expected, but from his looks almost any one would have supposed that he would have recoiled from an offer to engage his services for so base a purpose. His name is Daniel Dougherty; he is an Irishman by birth and a pseudo-Democrat in politics. These two circumstances would naturally suggest the probability of his sympathies being on the side of the slaveholder; but from his ingenuous countenance and upright and manly port one could hardly fail to infer a heart that would spurn a fee from the hand of a low-lived slave-catcher. But Mr. Dougherty did not seem to be troubled with any of the qualms of weak humanity. He conducted his case with the utmost sang froid, and laboured to send an innocent man to endless slavery, with less apparent emotion than many a humane person would exhibit in inflicting a slight punishment on a convicted criminal.

The counsel for the prisoner was Wm. S. Peirce, Esq., an able lawyer and a conscientious man. For many years Mr. Peirce has been the most prompt and efficient lawyer we have had in Philadelphia in cases of this kind. He is always ready to act when called upon, and never fails to exert himself to the utmost for his client and for the cause involved. In this case he even excelled himself, leaving no expedient untried which held out any hope of foiling the oppressor and rescuing the victim. He appealed to the humanity of the Commissioner and to his respect for legal precedent; he showed a palpable informality in the preliminary proceedings, and urged the justifiableness and the duty of giving to the prisoner the benefit of the irregularities; but his appeals and his proof of defective forms were alike unavailing. Mr. Brown decided the case by declaring the man to be the property of his claimant and issuing a warrant for his rendition.

For his services in this act of mock-judicial outrage Commissioner Bro n will receive the price of blood—$10—together with the thanks, doubtless, of the Judas who employed him. He will also, on the other hand, have the execrations of the unhappy victim of his decision and the contempt or pity of all good men who are or may be cognizant of the transaction. He may try to persuade himself that he has only been discharging a conscientious duty; but he will not succeed. He knows that he voluntarily assumed the duties of his office; and he knew, when he solicited and accepted his appointment, that one of its functions would be to sit in judgment on innocent men, wickedly put on trial for their liberty. If *he* may lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is but executing the law, and therefore without blame, so may Graham, the Baltimore slave-catcher, to whom he granted his warrant; so may Alberti, so may every professional slave-catcher and duly appointed hang-man that snaps the "nippers" on his victim's wrists, or slips a noose on the platform of a gallows.

The conduct of Mr. Brown in this case showed that moral flexibility was not his only weakness. He seemed to have no fixed mind of his own, excep on the main issue. On minor questions of evidence or form he showed his impartiality by giving decisions on both sides. He always seemed to agree with the last speaker. There was not a single question submitted to him, so far as my observation or means of information went, on which he did not give contrary decisions. For instance, on the first afternoon, Mr. Peirce asked for postponement till the next day at 10 o'clock to enable him to have the aid of David Paul Brown, who, it was said, had been sent for but who was engaged in an arbitration. This the Commissioner acceded to; but when the Marshal suggested to Graham, the agent of the claimant, that Wm. B. Reed had been sent for and would be there at 7 o'clock, the Commissioner intimated his willingness to go on with the case at that hour, if the witnesses could be got ready; but Mr. Peirce protested with so much earnestness against this indecent haste that the Commissioner again consented to an adjournment till the next day. In the same way when Marshal Wynkoop assumed to exclude all coloured people from the Court-room, giving as his reason, when objection was made, that he feared a rescue, the Commissioner gave it as his opinion that the Marshal's course was but reasonable; but when Mr. Peirce protested against this high-handed measure as a violation of all decency, and without a precedent except in the transactions of the Star Chamber, the Commissioner decided that the doors should be opened to all classes alike. Before he could issue his order to this effect, however, Mr. Dougherty and Marshal Wynkoop, aided by the slave-catcher Graham, remonstrated with so much earnestness against the measure that he receded to his first opinion, that it was expedient that the coloured people—or as he put it, quoting the language of Mr. Dougherty—that "all persons not citizens of the United States" should be kept out of the Court-room.

In the interrogation of witnesses the Commissioner took extraordinary liberties himself, and allowed the same liberties to others. For instance, when the first witness for the defence was on the stand, an intelligent and soberly-behaved coloured man, he asked the insulting question whether he had not been drinking; and he twice allowed the counsel for the claimant, without rebuke, to ask a witness for the defence whether he did not know that the testimony which he had been giving was false. To the Marshal he seemed to have surrendered the chief management of the case. That functionary—one of the most ill-looking specimens of pomposity I ever saw—seemed to act in the triple capacity of ministerial officer, advocate and judge; and in the whole case from beginning to end no one seemed to perform a more prominent part than he. When Passmore Williamson undertook, at the request of Mr. Peirce, to read a petition for a habeas corpus to the prisoner, he was ordered by the Marshal to desist; and when an appeal was made against this order, the Commissioner sustained it. One of the Marshal's officers of the name of Jenkins was put on the stand as a witness for the claimant. On cross examination he several times refused to answer questions put to him by the defendant's counsel, and that when no objection was made by the counsel for the claimant; and he was sustained in this contumacious insolence by the Commissioner.

I have said above that if Mr. Brown had been disposed to liberate his prisoner on the ground of informality—in which he would have been justified by precedent—an opportunity was afforded him of doing so. At the opening of the case, Mr. Peirce moved to quash the warrant of arrest on the ground that the Power of Attorney to the agent on whose oath the warrant issued had not been duly certified according to the act of Congress. The Commissioner held that it was sufficient; and said that a motion of that kind was too late, as the alleged fugitive was then before him and the only thing to be done was to proceed with the hearing. Mr. Peirce wished to know what other opportunity the defendant had to move for his discharge on that ground than that afforded at the opening of the case; he could not do it before he had been arrested and brought in. The Commissioner, however, refused the motion, and afterward, the counsel for the claimant sent to Baltimore and procured another warrant of Attorney, thus practically admitting the validity of the objection to the first warrant.

Thus you will see that this base outrage which I have been describing was perpetrated in a manner and by instruments altogether becoming its character. Official insolence, and a disregard of decent usage characterised its performance from beginning to end. It was a sad spectacle; and that too, not so much from the mute despair of the wretched victim thus robbed of all that was dear to him, as from the mute indifference of the 400,000 people who make up the population of this great city. It is melancholy and depressing to observe how little sensation an atrocious incident of this kind excites in this great and loud professing metropolis. We have churches and Quaker meeting-houses, and thousands upon thousands of religious professors of every variety of creed, but how few of them all feel any concern for the wrongs of the slave, or the cruel injustice of the oppressor. It is true that yesterday the Rev. Dr. Furness made this case the subject of a touching sermon to his people, and Lucretia Mott preached upon it faithfully at the meeting which she attends; and doubtless there were some others occupying similar positions who were not unmindful of their duty in this regard; but the great mass of our ministers and their hearers, our editors and their readers care for none of these things. The slave is manacled in our midst, and how few there are to lay it to heart!

This case was tried in the room of the Circuit Court, and Commissioner Brown sat in the seat usually occupied by Judge Kane. The Court room was moderately filled, the attendance increasing as the facts of the case became known to the public. Among the persons present we noticed Passmore Williamson, Charles Wise, Lucretia Mott, Dilwyn Parish, Wm. Still, Miss Frances Watkins, J. M. McKim, and other prominent Abolitionists.

As a little episode of the trial, I may mention that Passmore Williamson carried a petition for a writ of habeas corpus from the prisoner to his old friends the Supreme Court Judges sitting in banc, which petition, after some consideration and debate, they refused, Judges Knox and Woodward being in favour of, and Judges Black and Lewis against the application. The Court being thus divided, of course the application could not be granted. It is not likely that it would have been of any avail to the prisoner if it had.

Speaking of Passmore Williamson, I ought to say that his case against Judge Kane came up at Media on the 17th ult., and some law points connected with it were discussed by the counsel pro and con for two days. These law points, which I do not precisely understand, were raised by the counsel for the defendant—their object being to stave off an investigation before a jury of the question of the Judge's jurisdiction. Joseph J. Lewis, Esq., made an able argument on the subject, and it is to be hoped that when Judge Haines gives his decision, which he will do on the fourth Monday in February, it will be such as will bring on for trial before a jury the general issue involved in the prosecution.

The election of Simon Cameron over the notorious John W. Forney is still a matter of congratulation among the opponents of the incoming Administration. Mr. Cameron has the reputation, and his last achievement proves that he deserves it, of a scheming and cunning politician, but even his enemies admit that he is true to his friends and his pledges. His friends at the present time are the Republicans, and he is elected to the Senate under a pledge to resist the encroachments of slavery. What he will do in redemption of this pledge remains to be seen. The defeat of Mr. Forney, under the circumstances, was a severe blow to Mr. Buchanan. It is a present calamity, and is regarded by some as a harbinger of other and greater ones to come.

Since writing the above I have seen it stated in one of the papers that Mr. Brown declined to receive $10 as his fee and contented himself with taking $5. This may possibly be very much to his credit, but all that I have been able to see in it is that Mr. Brown is not only willing to coöperate in the business of slave-catching, but that he is willing to do it at half-price. It can hardly be necessary for Mr. Brown to underbid his fellow-Commissioners, for I understand that there is not a man among them all who would touch a case of this kind "with a ten foot pole."

M.

B. B. MUSSEY, a well-known bookseller of Boston, died recently, much lamented by a large circle of friends. The Rev. Mr. Miner (Universalist), in a discourse upon his life and character, said: "He was an uncompromising opponent of slavery, and held in disesteem all the means employed for its extension. At the time of the attack on the printing office of Mr. Garrison, Mr. Mussey threw himself into the gap, declaring that no one should enter unless over his body."

THE ILLNESS OF MR. GIDDINGS.—We have already mentioned the fact that Mr. Giddings, while addressing the House on a recent occasion, was suddenly prostrated by disease of the heart. The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, under date of Jan. 18th, gives the following account of the occurrence and its probable cause:

"About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Mr. Giddings of Ohio, while speaking in the House with much warmth on a private claim, happened to diverge a little to the more exciting subject of general politics, and was seized with a fainting fit, caused by a sudden rush of blood to the head. He sat down and immediately became senseless. A great confusion at once occurred. Members swarmed round on all sides, but order was presently restored by the Speaker. Mr. Giddings was then borne to a window in the Hall, and thence to a sofa in the Speaker's room, where, notwithstanding the application of fresh air, water and other restoratives, he did not fully recover his consciousness till nearly two hours later. There is still danger of a relapse. Mr. Giddings, as most people know, is a large-framed, powerful man, of full habit, extremely temperate and regular in his mode of life, yet troubled with a certain affection of the heart (I think the physicians call it an engorgement), which requires abstinence from over-excitement of mind and body, such as almost always ensues when he speaks, as he spoke yesterday, on topics in which his feelings are deeply enlisted.

"This is the second time Mr. Giddings has fallen while addressing the House. Last Summer the fit occurred while he was arraigning a United States officer for what he deemed an outrageous proceeding against a fugitive slave. At that time he recovered consciousness almost instantly on the application of fresh air; yesterday his restoration was much more prolonged and gradual. Such a significant circumstance, in the opinion of his many friends, suggests the necessity of extreme caution to avoid the recurrence of the exciting cause."

MISS WATKINS IN TRENTON.—We find the following paragraph in the Trenton (N. J.) *Republican* of Jan. 12.

"Temperance Hall was crowded Friday night to listen to the address of Miss Watkins, the coloured woman, on the subject of slavery. She is certainly an extraordinary woman and possesses superior talents. Her address was listened to with marked attention, and elicited frequent applause. She fired off some pretty heavy artillery against the system which Southern politicians say is the only safeguard of our civil liberties. Her oratorical powers are remarkable. There being a general expression of a desire to hear the lecture again, it was announced that she would address another meeting next Monday evening at the same place."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The February number closes the XIVth volume of this unique and always instructive periodical. The publishers present us, under the same cover, the last Christmas Story of Dickens, "The Wreck of the Golden Mary." The next weekly number will contain the commencement of a story by Wilkie Collins, called "The Dead Secret." American Reprint by Dix, Edwards & Co., 321 Broadway. $3 per annum.

PRESTON S. BROOKS, Representative in Congress from South Carolina, who had been ill with a cold for some days, died suddenly, on Tuesday evening, at Brown's Hotel in Washington, from an attack of croup. Posterity will remember him only for the deed which made him infamous, viz.: his cowardly and brutal assault upon Senator Sumner.

THE REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION lately held in New York is for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia, price 25 cents.

GERRIT SMITH, the Radical Abolition candidate for President at the last election, received in the State of New York, according to the official canvass, 165 votes.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following Tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, EXAMINED.
No. 2. WHITE SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.
No. 3. COLONIZATION. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
No. 4. DOES SLAVERY CHRISTIANIZE THE NEGRO? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
No. 5. THE INTER-STATE SLAVE TRADE. By John G. Palfrey.
No. 6. THE "RUIN" OF JAMAICA. By Richard Hildreth.
No. 7. REVOLUTION THE ONLY REMEDY FOR SLAVERY.
No. 8. TO MOTHERS IN THE FREE STATES. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 9. INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON THE WHITE POPULATION. By a Lady.
No. 10. SLAVERY AND THE NORTH. By C. C. Burleigh.
No. 11. DISUNION OUR WISDOM AND OUR DUTY. By Rev. Charles E. Hodges.
No. 12. ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS AND SONGS. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 13. THE TWO ALTARS; OR, TWO PICTURES IN ONE. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
No. 14. "HOW CAN I HELP TO ABOLISH SLAVERY?" OR, COUNSELS TO THE NEWLY CONVERTED. By Maria W. Chapman.
No. 15. WHAT HAVE WE, AS INDIVIDUALS, TO DO WITH SLAVERY? By Susan C. Cabot.
No. 16. THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY; AND ITS POLICY OF SUPPRESSION AND SILENCE.
Being the Unanimous Remonstrance of the Fourth Congregational Society, Hartford, Ct.
No. 17. THE GOD OF THE BIBLE AGAINST SLAVERY. By Rev. Charles Beecher.
No. 18. THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AND ITS VICTIMS.
No. 19. RELATIONS OF ANTI-SLAVERY TO RELIGION. By Charles K. Whipple.
No. 20. A RIDE THROUGH KANSAS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

All donations for the Tract Fund, or for the circulation of any particular Tract of the above series, should be sent to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Fifty dollars will stereotype an eight-page tract, and print *five thousand copies of it.*

Application for the above Tracts, for gratuitous distribution, should be made to SAMUEL MAY, JR., 21 Cornhill, Boston; to the Anti-Slavery Offices, 138 Nassau street, New York, and 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; to JOEL MCMILLAN, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio; or to JACOB WALTON, JR., Adrian, Michigan.

Summary.

A fuel famine is causing much suffering among the poor people of the Western cities. Meetings have been held in Cincinnati to organize supplies for the several wards. Railway companies are suspending a part of their ordinary freight business in order to facilitate the transportation of fuel.

A meeting of the stockholders of the People's College was held at Havana on the 8th inst., for the purpose of voting upon the recommendation of the Commissioners as to the site of the Institution. We learn that the recommendation of the Commissioners to locate it at Havana, Schuyler County, was concurred in by about 750 majority. About 3,000 votes were cast.

Among the articles saved from the fire at the Vermont State House, were the full-length portraits of Washington and Governor Williams, and the bust of Judge Paine—entirely uninjured. The bust was rescued by Mr. John Badger, an artist. He entered the Senate Chamber at great risk—being obliged to keep close to the door to get breath—lifted the bust to the window, and, pitching it into the snow, saved himself by dropping from the window upon a ladder below.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON COOKING POTATOES.—In May, 1849, Daniel Webster wrote thus to his son Fletcher: "Let these potatoes be peeled early, and thrown into a basin of cold water till time to cook them. Let them be boiled in a good deal of water. When done, pour off all the water, shake up the potatoes a little, hang on the pot again, and let the potatoes dry two or three minutes, and then bring them to table. I remember that when we heard Hannah Curtis shake her pot, we knew that dinner was coming."

A GREAT ATTEMPT AT DESERTION.—On Thursday night a party of at least twelve in number of the Ninth Regiment in garrison attempted to desert. They were met with by the Military Police party, who attempted to stop them and partially succeeded. Four of the deserters were captured and brought back, but not without violence. One of the deserters received the contents of a loaded pistol in his neck and chest, and one of the Military Police was sadly mangled and cut about the throat and neck.—*Daily British Whig, Jan.* 17.

FALSE CENSUS RETURNS FROM UTAH.—Elder John Hyde, sent as a Mormon Missionary to the Sandwich Islands, has turned State's evidence against the Saints, and while denouncing their polygamy and villany generally, charges them with falsifying the Census Returns of the Territory. He affirms that there are not half as many inhabitants in Utah as the census indicates. The names of the deceased persons, of immigrant disciples who never come to hand, and of Mormons who long ago recanted their beastly creed and fled the country, were all retained and used to make the number of "70,000."

A CURIOSITY.—A few weeks ago, Charles Schoch, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, was cutting a large log, when his axe struck a cannon leaden slug, weighing three and a half pounds, which was imbedded in solid wood about five or six inches from the surface. The tree from which this slug was taken, grew in the river bottom about two miles from that town, and near where General Wayne and his army encamped during the Summer of 1794, when he marched to the North-Western Territory to attack the Miami Indians. The probability is, that it was fired from one of his cannons and lay embedded for more than half a century.

From Greece we hear of a new and important discovery, unless it is a hoax. Dr. Landerer, a medical man at Athens, announces that he has discovered a specific against sea-sickness. He gives from ten to twelve drops of chloroform in water, and assumes that in most cases it removes nausea at once, or certainly on taking a second dose. It is alleged that it was tried on twenty passengers, on a very rough voyage from Zea to Athens—eighteen of whom were cured by one dose. The two remaining ladies were able to resist the feeling of illness after the second dose. The remedy being simple enough, the medical profession in the United States may easily ascertain its true value.

A FLOURISHING UNIVERSITY.—According to the official catalogue for the current Winter session, the number of matriculated students in the University of Berlin (Prussia) is a gain of 188 on the Summer Session. They are distributed among the various faculties as follows: Theology, 292; Jurisprudence, 694; Medicine, 265; Philosophy, 319. Besides these there are 706 non-matriculants, making a total of 2,276 persons attending the lectures. Among the students are 20 Americans, 1 Turk, 2 Greeks, 1 native of Asia Minor, 1 East Indian, and 12 Russians. The lectures are delivered by 163 teachers, of which 13 are of the Faculty of Theology, 17 of Jurisprudence, 39 of Medicine, and 94 of Philosophy. The number of ordinary professors is 50; extraordinary, 42.

DREADFUL MISTAKE BY A DRUGGIST.—*Baltimore, Wednesday, Jan.* 21.—A terrible tragedy occurred here to-day. A druggist filled a prescription ordered by Arnold, a German physician, for a child. The child took the medicine and died immediately. Arnold took the remainder of the medicine to the druggist, and told him he had made a fatal mistake. The druggist persisted that the medicine was right, and to show his confidence in his correctness he swallowed a portion himself. He was immediately attacked by horrible convulsions, and died in five minutes. The doctor who merely tasted the preparation and spit it from his mouth, was also attacked and with difficulty saved. The affair occasioned great excitement. The druggist had mixed cyanuret of potassium with lemon juice, developing enough prussic acid in the preparation to have killed three hundred people.

As to extravagance, the Americans, not only in France, but in all Europe, are proverbial for it. I am told that this season, when the demolition of houses raised rents in Paris to a fabulous degree, that the most expensive apartments are let to Americans; and in the same manner, the report runs that the most expensive laces and embroidery are bought by American ladies, and French housewives hold up their hands privately in horror at the luxury and dissipation of American women. The moral of all this is quite obvious. Americans know as little of the better class of quiet, sober family people in France as the French do of the same class in America.—*Letter of Mrs. Stowe from Paris, in The Independent.*

The cant or slang expression of "nothing else" is generally supposed to be a "Westernism," and the English call it an "Americanism," whereas it was used in London, precisely as it is now used here, more than an hundred years ago, as appears from the following passage from one of Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, written in 1744: "We are now mad about tar-water, in the publication of a book that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject, from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read—and understand it no more than if it were intelligible. A man came into an apothecary's shop the other day—'Do you sell tar-water?' 'Tar-water!' replied the apothecary, 'why, I sell *nothing else?*' "—*Bost. Tel.*

SOUTHERN EMIGRATION.—According to the Memphis *Bulletin*, an immense emigration is going on from the older slave States to Arkansas and Texas. Two or three ferry boats are constantly occupied in ferrying them over the river at Memphis, and often thirty or forty wagons are left behind, encamped on the Bluffs. The emigration is mostly from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and are destined to Arkansas and Texas. These States are the natural receptacles of emigration from the older slave States; and if left to flow in its natural channel, this emigration will settle there. The attempt to turn it North to Kansas is up hill business. By the way, we see some Southern papers threaten a large emigration to Kansas in the Spring.—*Cin. Gaz.*

A CHRISTIAN CANNIBAL.—Sydney Smith once told the Bishop of New Zealand, on his departure for his diocese, that in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, he must never be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard! "And as for myself, my Lord," he concluded, "all I can say is, that when your parishioners *do* eat you, I sincerely hope you may disagree with them." It is pleasant to learn that the New Zealanders have much improved in their habits since that day. A London paper gives a very gratifying account of the progress Christianity has made among them. A chief of that cannibal country was questioned by one of the missionaries as to how far the study of the Scriptures had broken him of his unnatural passion for human flesh. The chief answered proudly—"You missionary men have done me much good. *I never eat my enemies on Sundays now.*"

Lyman Richards Williston, son of the missionary Richards, and adopted son of Samuel Williston of Easthampton, has resigned the professorship of Latin and modern languages in Amherst college, which has been kept warm for him for several years, and to which he was elected last Fall. He has been in Germany for some time, fitting himself by study for the post, and is still there, and his resignation, and particularly the cause for it, are sources of great disappointment to his friends. It is because of a change in his theological views from the orthodox standard of the college, to the liberal notions common among German students and thinkers, called by their friends neology, and by their enemies, pantheism, and of which Theodore Parker is perhaps the most prominent representative in this country. Mr. Williston expects to return home soon, and take up the profession of a teacher at the South. The duties of the vacant professorship are still discharged, as they have been for some time past, by Mr. George Howland.

A FREE LOVE EMEUTE.—The pleasant village of Ludlow, in Western Massachusetts, recently became scandalized by the theories of a free-love "circle" being carried to their practical results. A Mr. Olvord, of Springfield, professed to have had a communication with his deceased wife, announcing the agreeable intelligence that her spirit had taken possession of the body of a Mrs. Clark, of Ludlow. Mr. Clark, who was also a spiritualist, at once surrendered his marital rights with a facility and promptness which under ordinary circumstances would have been slightly suspicious, into the hands of Mr. Olvord. Common scandal also named a sister of Mrs. Clark as a participant in these left-handed and irregular nuptials. On Sunday evening last, the neighbours, having become incensed at the conduct of the "circle," came down with the design to break it up. Its spiritual high priest was treated to a coat of tar and feathers, and a free ride out of town. The females, whose virtue had yielded to their faith, also received warning to leave.—*Boston Telegraph.*

AN "UNCONSTITUTIONAL" BRIDGE.—The Supreme Court of the United States, having decided that the Fugitive Slave Law is constitutional, will soon have to decide the question of the constitutionality of erecting bridges across the rivers dividing the free from the slave States, aiding, as they do, in the escape of "fugitives from service or labour." The Cincinnati papers state that the slaves are taking advantage of the ice-bridge across the Ohio river to escape to "the other side of Jordan." Three men and one woman escaped on Thursday night of last week, hotly pursued, but at last accounts not overtaken. As it is the "higher law" to which the slaveholders are opposed, which created *this* bridge, and as the "higher law" is held by them in subjection to the law of Congress, of course an appropriation will have to be made by Congress to break up such bridges, as "aiders and abettors of treason," in tending to "resist the execution of the law of the land." No Presidential scruples would stand in the way of a prompt signature to a bill making such "improvements."

CURIOUS EFFECT UPON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.—During the greatest intensity of the snow-storm on Sunday night, the electrical effect on the wires of the magnetic telegraph, in the office at Chesnut street, near Third, was curious and striking. There was a continual snapping, cracking and flashing, like the noise when wood is burning briskly. At one place, on a covered wire, the stream of electricity suddenly appeared about the size of the flame from an ordinary gas burner, and continued to burn just like a gas light for more than five minutes. On examing the wire it was found that half an inch of the covering was burned off that and the wire beneath it, with which it was in contact. A correspondent calls our attention to similar electrical indications observed elsewhere. He says his brother, who was on a visit at a friend's house, in the western part of Green street, observed on approaching the gas fixture and the register belonging to the heater, a spark of electricity was received, with a shock severe enough to be unpleasant. It was noticed that the same effect was produced by applying the knuckles to some persons in the house; they appeared to be charged with electricity. He communicates the fact for the purpose of calling the attention of electricians to the subject.—*Philadelphia Ledger, 18th inst.*

Fugitive negro slaves have been known in England, though not very lately. In the London *Gazette* of March 23d, 1685 (*temp.* James II.), there appeared the following advertisement, which could not now obtain admittance into any journal in any civilized country, always excepting the United States, where we take "the largest liberty" of doing as we please:

"A tannymore [a tawney Moor, or negro], with short bushy hair, very well shaped, in a grey livery, lined with yellow, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, with a silver collar about his neck, with these directions; *Captain George Hasting's boy. Brigadier in the King's Horse Guards.* Whoever brings him to the Sugar-Loaf, in the Pall-Mall, shall have 40s reward."

Forty shillings made a handsome reward for so dirty a piece as was proposed by Captain Hastings to any of his fellow subjects, being, the difference in the value of money considered, more than is now generally paid to slave catchers at the South, with dogs (far the superior animals of the two classes) thrown in. As England has got rid of negro-catching and advertising let us hope that it may be our good fortune to make "progress" in the same direction and to the same end. The thing is not so absolutely impossible but that we can be allowed to hope for its realization.—*Boston Telegraph.*

CARS AND COLOURED PEOPLE.—A few weeks ago we took occasion to express our decided disapprobation of the practice of excluding decent coloured people from the city cars, while indecent white people are admitted, to the disgust and annoyance of civil and well dressed passengers. A *Southern gentleman* writes to us his censure of our opinions, and clinches his remonstrance by ordering his paper to be stopped.

The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, as ultra a Southern paper as we ever read, gives the following testimony as to the state of feeling in the South; and it accords with our own observation. The *Enquirer* says:

"Our wealthiest and most refined gentlemen ride in the same car with negroes, without any such display of uneasy apprehension, or vulgar contempt, as was exhibited in the indignity upon the Rev. Dr. Pennington."

We leave our Southern correspondent to the enjoyment of his taste, which has neither religion nor good sense to commend it; a taste which is not recognised as genteel in his own part of the country, and which we would resist and despise if all the rest of mankind thought as he does. The Richmond *Enquirer* speaks of the "indignity" put upon the Rev. Dr. Pennington, and condemns the feeling that led to it as "vulgar." We are happy to agree with the *Enquirer*.—*N. Y. Observer.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT WEST ROXBURY.—We regret to report the destruction by fire of the mansion house of J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq., President of the American Insurance Company of this city. The house was a large structure, situated on the highest land in West Roxbury. It was built for and formerly occupied by Professor Theophilus Parsons of the Cambridge Law School. About 2 o'clock this morning, one of the domestics was awakened by the smell of smoke, and it was found that the house was in flames, spreading from near the fire place in one of the drawing rooms. The family narrowly escaped, and only had time to save a few articles of clothing some family pictures, a marble bust of Dr. Bowditch, (father of the present occupant) and the silver ware.

The library of Mr. Bowditch was of great value which he had been many years in collecting, and contained many choice editions of the best books the whole including several thousand volumes.

We hear that there is insurance on the house and furniture at the Boylston and Neptune offices.

It is stated that Mrs. Bowditch, with almost superhuman strength, seized hold of a bust of the late eminent Dr. Bowditch, and carried it down stairs, depositing it on the snow, so that it was saved from destruction. The services of two men have always been required to move the statue, as it weighs some three hundred pounds!—*Boston Transcript.*

SOUTHERN GIPSIES.—We learn from a resolution passed at a meeting of the citizens of Louisa, Spottsylvania and Orange Counties, in Virginia, recently, that there are Gipsies in that region, a fact of which we were not before aware. The particulars of the meeting were published in the Lynchburg *Virginian*, and are, of course authentic. The resolution in question says:

"Resolved, That this Committee pledge themselves to search, whip and drive off all gipsies, peddlers, sellers of spirits to slaves without license and permission from their owners, and all suspicious itinerants traversing our section of the country."

We have no doubt the Committee will be as good as their word, and the Gipsies will either have to give up their bad habits or be scourged and expelled from the State. The "suspicious itinerants" may be made to include almost any body, and travellers through Spottsylvania and Louisa, will do well to keep their eyes wide open, or they may find themselves riding on a rail, or trussed up to a whipping-post, with a Committee of citizens encircling them with whips in their hands. As to the Virginia Gipsies, we do not know where they came from, nor how they got there. If there is any Southern Lavengro who knows anything about them, their origin and their habits, we hope he will let the rest of the world share with him in his secrets, respecting these mysterious people.—*Times.*

MINISTERS HUNG AND WHIPPED TO DEATH.—Not here in Boston, nor anywhere in New England, of course. Some ministers here have been guilty of preaching truth and humanity in spite of the falsehood and tyranny advocated by politicians, but they have not been whipped yet, nor hung. But all through the South some scores of men have been seized, some slaves and some free, and without any of the judicious restraints and cautions interposed between an infuriated populace and the objects of their indignation, lest the innocent should suffer, without trial by jury, without the privilege of counsel, without recourse to law, these, innocent and guilty together, have been whipped till they died, or barbarously hung to a tree by a cord. So little respect has been shown for the image of God in man. And it is surprising to see how many of these victims are preachers. These preachers it is fair to be presumed—so slight is the prevalence of heresy in the South—are Baptists and Methodists, with now and then a Presbyterian. Men ordained by the churches, or at least permitted authoritatively to expound the Scriptures and exhort their fellow black men to a holy life. And now seized in a moment, charged with *intent* to kill that they might themselves be free, they are hurried into eternity. And what hav the churches to say? Not a word. Dumb as dead dogs. "Order must be preserved." "Obey the powers that be." Powers that be! What a perversion of Scripture! What a toadyism to tyranny! What a perversion of logic for Satan! Well may we wonder that a just God should allow such tyranny, and tremble when we think of the future before such a country, unless it repent of its sin and bring forth fruit meet for repentance.—*Zion's Herald.*

OUTRAGE IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.—In the House of Representatives yesterday Mr Mendenhall offered a resolution to make inquiry into an alleged outrage, said to have been perpetrated upon a prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary. The resolution was adopted and the inquiry will be made. For the information of our readers we will state that the following facts are expected to be proved: that a prisoner who entered the Penitentiary a year or two ago, had very weak eyes. He could see to read coarse print, and could see to work. The late prison physician one day told him that he could improve his sight and would perform an operation. The prisoner consented, and the operation was performed on one eye, the effect of which was that the eye became wholly sightless. Sometime afterward the same physician saw him in the prison, and told him he intended to try another operation upon the other eye. The prisoner objected, and said that one eye had been lost to him by the previous operation, and the remaining one might be. He regarded it as too great a risk for him to run, and declined having an operation performed. The physician determined it should be performed, and called to his aid several of the keepers, and had the man seized, placed in a chair, and held there by main strength, until he performed the operation. The result of which has been that the prisoner lost the sight of the other eye, and he is now stone blind for life. These are the outlines of the facts as they have been told to us, and which the Committee expect to substantiate by their investigation.—*Ohio State Journal.*

OUTRAGE ON A FREE COLOURED MAN.—About four weeks since, a young coloured man arrived in Lawrence, seeking medical assistance, having been severely wounded in the side, by a Missourian, who attempted to arrest him as a fugitive slave.

The facts in the case are as follows. The young man is a native of the Indian Territory, and was born free, his mother being a Cherokee Indian. He resided among the Cherokees until a few months since. He then came up to Kansas, and, for two months past, had been working at the stage station, on Stranger Creek. One day, while engaged in the stable, two men rode up, and entered into conversation. Upon talking some time, they claimed him as a runaway from Platte County, Mo. He denied their statements, and refused to go with them. As he was walking towards the house, one of them treacherously shot him in the left side, with a Colt's revolver. Fortunately, the bullet, from the position in which the assailant was standing, glanced outwardly, or it might have proved fatal. He reached the house, got a gun from it, and managed to intercept the companion of his assailant. He levelled his gun at the fellow—who piteously begged for mercy—and finally gave up a five-inch Colt's revolver, which the negro brought with him to Lawrence, where the wound was attended to, and he soon recovered.—*Lawrence (Kansas) Herald of Freedom, Jan.* 10.

A WOMAN FOR A CHAPLAIN.—In the House of Representatives on the 22d ult., on the election of a Chaplain, Mr. Spinner, of New York, nominated the Rev. Mrs. Antoinette Blackwell, formerly Miss Antoinette Brown. "He remarked that during the late canvass he was charged with being an infidel for having voted for Mrs. Blackwell at the commencement of the last session. He knew then, as others must have known, that she was a regularly ordained clergyman of the Presbyterian church."

We know nothing of this Mr. Spinner, whether he is an infidel or not, whether he is a Republican or American or Democrat, whether he is a man of learning or not, but we do know that he has disgusted the public, and gained a very unenviable notoriety, by trifling with the subject on which as a member of Congress he was called to act. He had a right to nominate a woman to be his chaplain; and we have a right to say that he did a very silly thing in making such a nomination.

He had a right to say that the woman he named "is a regularly ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church." And we have a right to say that we do not believe a word of it.

We have knowledge of various branches of the Presbyterian Church, and we do not know of any one that would ordain a woman to be a minister of the gospel. A few irresponsible individuals may have assumed the work as their own, and pretended to "ordain" this person, but the statement made by Mr. Spinner is not true as it respects any department of the Presbyterian family with which we have acquaintance. And as his statement in Congress goes out to the world with some authority, we take the trouble to make this explanation. Mr. Spinner may amuse himself by trifling with the feelings of the religious portion of the American people, if he chooses to waste the time of the House, but he cannot do it without being told that he gains no honour as a legislator, and no respect for himself as a man, when he thus abuses his office and opportunities.—*N. Y. Observer.*

[Mr. Spinner fell into the very common error of confounding the distinction between Presbyterianism and Congregationalism. The Rev. Mrs. Blackwell was ordained according to *Congregational* forms, and was at the time the pastor of a Church of that denomination. The *Observer* was probably aware of the exact truth in the case, though it suited its purpose to affect ignorance thereof for the sake of flatly contradicting Mr. Spinner, who, we venture to say, cares very little whether his vote for Chaplain pleased or disgusted the Pecksniffian pietists of which that paper is the unscrupulous organ.]

MARRIED.

JOHNSON—BAYLEY.—In Hardwick, Vt., Jan. 15, by Rev. A. O. Hubbard, Mr. Leonard Johnson, of Peacham, to Miss Judith H. Bayley, of Hardwick.

DIED.

MEREDITH.—At the residence of his parents, in Newlin, Chester Co., Pa., on Sixth day, the 26th ult., M. Pennock Meredith, youngest son of Isaac and Thamazin Meredith, in the 12th year of his age.

PURVIS.—At Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., on Saturday, the 17th inst., in the 45th year of his age, Joseph Purvis.

Special Notices.

☞ THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN!—Anti Slavery Conventions, under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the State of New York, as follows:

ELMIRA, Chemung Co., Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3d and 4th.

BATH, Steuben Co., Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10th and 11th.

BELFAST, Allegany Co., Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 17th and 18th.

ELLICOTTVILLE, Cattaraugus Co., Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 24th and 25th.

To be attended by Stephen S. Foster, Benjamin S. and J. Elizabeth Jones.

ROCHESTER, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 10th and 11th.
SYRACUSE, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13th and 14th.
UTICA, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 16th and 17th.
William L. Garrison, C. L. and S. P. Remond, Parker Pillsbury, Aaron M. Powell, Samuel J. May, and Susan B. Anthony will be in attendance.

Sessions to commence at 10½ o'clock, a. m., 2½ and 7½ p. m.
Admission to Evening Sessions, 12½ cts., to defray expenses. Day Sessions, Free.

NEW YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held at ALBANY on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 20th, 21st, and 22d at ASSOCIATION HALL, commencing at 2 o'clock, Friday, p. m. Morning Sessions 10½ o'clock, Afternoon Sessions 2½ o'clock, Evening Sessions 7½ o'clock.

Admission to Evening Sessions, 25 cts.; Day Sessions, *Free.*
W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Charles Lenox and Sarah P. Remond, Rev. S. J. May, Aaron M. Powell, and Susan B. Anthony will be present.

☞ FRIENDS OF FREEDOM, Let there be a full attendance.

HUDSON CONVENTION at NEW CITY HALL, on Wednesday, February 18th. Sessions at 10½ a. m., 2 p. m., and 7½ evening.
Day Sessions Free; admission to Evening Session, 25 cents.
Speakers—Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, and Aaron M. Powell.

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, presented at the last annual meeting, for sale at the office, 138 Nassau street, price 25 cents.

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Miscellaneous Department.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

We give the following extracts from an interesting biographical sketch in the *Dover* (Eng.) *Chronicle*, written, it is understood, by an intimate friend of Miss Nightingale:

"At the time when reports of the disastrous state of affairs in our hospitals at the seat of war, the year before last, reached this country, filling every heart with the deepest commiseration and dismay, there were thousands of women who would gladly have undertaken to do what in them lay to mitigate the awful amount of suffering which the daily papers laid bare to their readers; but there was, perhaps, but in one woman the sense of due preparation and practical experience to qualify her for taking the lead in such an undertaking. It was Florence Nightingale alone who not only possessed the high natural requirements to fit her for the task, whose whole previous life had been in some respects a preparation for it—but, above all, who had especially trained herself for nursing the sick and wounded, and for understanding the systematic organization of a hospital, and the government of a staff of assistant nurses. It was, perhaps, the first in the chain of secondary causes which prepared Florence Nightingale for such a devotion of her life to her fellow-creatures, the fact that her ancestors on both sides were remarkable for benevolence and philanthrophy—her maternal grandfather, the late Mr. W. Smith, of Norwich, having been the coadjutor of Clarkson and Wilberforce in their long continued efforts in the cause of slave emancipation in our Colonies. In furthering many other schemes of benevolence and moral reform, Mr. Smith was equally remarkable for intelligence and practical sagacity, while the excellence of his private character, his superior understanding, cultivated taste, and strong religious feelings, could not but leave a deep impression upon his own and his children's children. The memory and example of a life devoted to high and noble aims is of itself a precious bequest for the head of a family to leave to his descendants, and such an inheritance cannot but have its influence in the formation of character and habits; and thus it came naturally to be the habit of the family to which Florence Nightingale belonged to employ themselves in works of benevolence, and to earnestly concern themselves in the welfare of their fellow-creatures. From her earliest childhood, when surrounded in her home with all that wealth and cultivated taste could bring together of refined luxury, it was still to the poor around her that she saw the thoughts of her parents ever directed as a prominent duty. At her father's dinner-table and in her mother's drawing-room she was early accustomed to listen to some of the philanthropists of the day discussing various schemes and theories which had for their object the relief and education of the poor.

"She had been born at Florence during a temporary residence in Italy; and on their return to England the inheritance of a large fortune and estates led to the formation of two family homes in the Counties of Hampshire and Derbyshire, where the early lives of herself and her sister were passed in more than usually close contact with the surrounding peasantry. To their benevolent father and mother these poor neighbours were held of even more importance than their wealthy acquaintances; and it was part of every day's duty of the little girls to visit the cottages of the poor who dwelt on or near their father's estates. In sallying forth on their morning walk, a basket packed with some little comfort or delicacy for an invalid, or a book from which to read to some old or infirm neighbour, was a never-failing accompaniment. In the adjoining village schools were established by their father and mother for the education of the children of the poor—not as a mere relief to their consciences, that in the spending of a large fortune so much should be given towards a generally acknowledged good purpose, but with a deep and earnest desire that through those schools a number of their fellow-creatures should be raised in the scale of being, and trained to usefulness and happiness both here and hereafter. These schools built and founded by their father became, as his daughters grew up, their especial object of care. It was their task to organize them on good principles, to find efficient teachers for them, to give instruction in them, and to make personal acquaintance with each and every child, and through that acquaintanceship, and by kind words, looks and acts, to influence them to good. To realize to herself more completely the life and duties of a teacher of the poor, Florence at once took up her abode with a village schoolmistress, living with her in her little cottage, and teaching with her in her little school, so as to observe at the closest point of view the relations of teacher and pupil, and thus gain knowledge and experience available for the better organization of the schools in which she was personally interested.

"Then came the time when yet larger schemes of benevolence began to occupy her mind. The condition of the poor in the hour of sickness, at all times a matter of interest to her when visiting their cottages, led naturally to a consideration of their fate when consigned to hospitals. Some casual exposure of neglect and inattention on the part of hospital nurses led her to consider the advantage of a better training of women for such employments; and the chance perusal of an article in a review on the subject, and with reference especially to an institution in Germany for the express purpose of training nurses, first led her thoughts and sympathies into the channel where they were henceforth to exercise themselves for life. She felt at once how well such a vocation could employ her own energies and satisfy her yearnings for a wider sphere of usefulness, and saw how the more skilful nursing of the sick might employ many independent and educated women; while at the same time, by qualifying themselves to become nurses, hundreds of poor women might find a remunerative occupation.

"In that year especially, when it may be said that the minds of the whole English people were more than usually bent on excitement and pleasure—in 1851, when the prevalent idea with us all was, how best to exhibit the material advantages of England and feast our eyes on the productions of art of our own and foreign countries—when for a season we were to give ourselves up to sight-seeing and social pleasures—in this year Florence Nightingale left her country and pleasant home to place herself at the institution of Kaiserwerth, in Prussia, in order to train herself for nursing the sick. Here, under the guidance of the Protestant Sisters of Charity engaged in the superintendence of a large model hospital, she performed her novitiate; employing herself practically in tending the sick, in witnessing and assisting at operations, and in going through a course of medical study to enable her to pass an examination of no ordinary strictness.

"On her return to England, and on looking round for the most useful sphere in which to exercise her now matured experience, Florence Nightingale found that the establishment called the Ladies' Hospital, in Harley street, which had been founded especially for the reception of invalid ladies of small fortune, was in a lingering state for the want of assistance and good management. She at once undertook in it the office of matron, and in a very short time raised it to a condition of efficiency and great usefulness. To attain this her exertions were unwearied, and she not only applied to it the whole of her time and energies, but forsook every claim which her fortune and position in society might have otherwise made on her. Fashionable society, the pleasures of literature, art, music—all were resigned in the furtherance of her purpose; and this by one whose highly cultivated mind and faculties quickened to an intense appreciation of all that is beautiful and perfect rendered the sacrifice only the greater. In a plain, yet unpretending, costume she might be seen in that old house in Harley street, bending at night over the couch of some suffering invalid, administering the prescribed medicine, smoothing the pillow, supplying little expedients for comfort, or tenderly soothing the irritable mourner—by day occupied with all the domestic details of a large establishment, enquiring into the symptoms of patients, consulting with medical men on each particular case, and attending to instructions from them, with table covered with prescriptions, letter of application, &c.

"This was her life when the breaking out of the war with Russia opened to her a yet wider sphere of usefulness. When the need was deeply felt of sending out an efficient staff of nurses to assist in the care of the sick and the wounded, it fortunately happened that the capabilities and acquirements, the fitness, in fact, of Florence Nightingale for taking the lead in the enterprise, was known to some members of the Government, who had the power of appointment in their hands. She was asked to undertake the office of superintendent of the nursing department in the Eastern hospitals, and with little hesitation consented. Accompanied by a large party of paid nurses and lady volunteers selected by her, she proceeded to Scutari, and arrived there at the moment when the disorder and mismanagement in the large hospital there had reached its height, while the sick and wounded were constantly pouring in from the Crimea. Our papers at that time were filled with heart-rending accounts of the horrors which resulted not merely from the inevitable consequences of the war, but also from the inadequate means at hand in the hospitals for the relief of the sufferers who came down in shiploads after each bloody engagement. We read of the filth and want of every comfort in the transports which conveyed them from Balaklava to Scutari, of the difficulty in landing the diseased and maimed; of the want of beds, linen, medical stores; of the incapacity of officers and of their absurd adherence to routine and military formalities in the presence of urgent and pressing necessities, and into this chaos of mismanagement and disaster Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses, with a fresh staff of medical officers, had to restore order, decency and comfort. They succeeded in doing this, and, as the result showed, even more than this; for, at the close of the war it was seen that not merely the bodily wants of thousands of our fellow-countrymen were attended to by these good women, but that a high moral influence resulted from their labours. An Irish soldier, in giving his rough testimony to what had been done by Florence Nightingale in the hospital of Scutari, said—'Before she come there was nothing but *cussing* and swearing, but afterwards the place was as *holy as a church*.' In addition to the surgical and medical care which the sick and wounded soldier now received came a thousand comforts and alleviations around his bed from the hands of tender and sympathizing women. Refreshing drinks and nourishing delicacies administered at all hours of the day and night when needed by the patient; care for his bodily ailments and sympathy with his thoughts and feelings as they wandered to home and wife and children or aged parents; all this helped to check the roughness and soften the manners of the soldier, and make his best feelings prevail over his worst habits. He was full of grateful reverence for her who was doing so much for him. As she went her rounds, through the *miles* of hospital wards filled with the sick and dying, 'she had a word and a smile, now for this one and now for that; and, as she could not speak to us all, we would kiss her shadow as it fell upon our beds,' said one of her greatful patients with the true poetry of nature in his untaught heart. Over refractory and unaccommodating and jealous officials, Florence Nightingale won like victories by her gentleness and firmness. She refused to be restricted by rules and routine when suffering was to be alleviated and pressing wants supplied. When the sick and wounded just landed from the Crimea were lying on the bare ground for want of beds, she would take no refusal from the store-keeper who had them in reserve, but who hesitated to give them out without an official order presented in some particular form. While he stood by, keys in hand, not venturing to open his storehouse, she summoned attendants and bade them break open the doors and take out the required bed and bedding! And the Government and people of England applauded her judicious daring. When, too, the stores of the hospital, as supplied by Government, were insufficient for the wants of the overwhelming numbers which came down to be tended, it was with wise confidence in the justifiability of the step that Miss Nightingale had recourse to the gentleman who was entrusted by the *Times* newspaper to expend a large sum of money raised by the public in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. From him, at a time of great need, and before the Government at home was aware of the wants of the hospital, she obtained all that was required for the sufferers and for the cleansing and purifying and better organization of the hospital.

"After bringing the hospital at Scutari to a high state of efficiency and good management, Miss Nightingale passed over into the Crimea, and, on the heights above Balaklava, supplied a sort of camp hospital there with a staff of nurses and all the materials that she had now at her disposal for comfort and order. She also took an active and influential part in many schemes which were set on foot for the improvement of the habits and morals of the soldier. She induced him to save; to refrain from spirit drinking; and encouraged him to read. Through her hands passed large sums of money sent by the soldiers to their wives and families at home, and through her hands also passed the numerous books, tracts and means of innocent amusement, supplied by the benevolent in England to those who were fighting their country's battles. We have numerous testimonies from the lips of soldiers, on their return, to the moral good effected by Florence Nightingale and her female companions; but we know not, we cannot measure, nor picture in thought, the good that may result from such influence to this and future generations. The war is over, and our army returned; and in reviewing the past we were never, perhaps, better able to perceive the evils and horrors of war, but at the same time we recognise that even war is not unaccompanied by those manifestations of a merciful and superintending Providence who allows of passing evil for the furtherance of lasting and progressive good. Florence Nightingale has now returned to England, rich in the avowal of all that human praise can bestow, and which must yet fall below, in her estimation, the mere sense of having performed well a high duty. She has been personally honoured by her Sovereign, and the people of England, anxious to show their sense of her services, have entrusted to her disposal a large sum of money, which was raised as a testimonial to her, but which she prefers to employ in founding and supporting an institution for the better training of nurses in connection with one of our hospitals. On all sides she has been greeted with honour, love and respect; but returning to her own home in strict privacy she shrinks from all kinds of public homage or distinction, and, in answering an address from the working-men of our large northern towns, modestly passes sentence on herself in the simple words which she inscribed over the grave of one of her assistant nurses in the East, who fell a victim to her exertions, and says of herself 'She hath done what she could.' What might not the world become if all could say this of themselves?"

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON IDIOTS.

Perhaps there never was a greater triumph of humanity than the success which has already attended the efforts made to improve the condition of idiots, a condition which had hitherto been considered utterly hopeless.

How gratifying is the reflection that none are cast beyond the pale of human society; but that in all God's creatures, even in that class afflicted with the greatest of human infirmities, some latent capability may be brought into action, that places them in a position which, though humble, is neither useless nor degraded. Experience in the training of these hitherto neglected beings may lead to the happiest suggestions as to the mode best suited to their capacities of giving them instruction, and may throw new light on psychological science. Not only have idiots been found capable of manual employment, and to have a liking for it, but numbers among them are actually endowed with a taste for one of the most delightful of the fine arts; for we find, as reported by the resident physician of the asylum for idiots, Parkhouse, Highgate, that there are but very few cases of idiocy that are unaffected by Music; even those forlorn beings who mope in corners, apparently insensible to every outward impression, can be roused from their stone-like immobility, and a new life infused into them, by the harmony of sweet sounds: all exhibit pleasure; some move their bodies in time to the air which is played; others sing after their own fashion; some, even of the most torpid among them, when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up, and dance in their own way. When the music stops, they relapse into their inert state; still it is evident that the excitement is not without its use; their looks show that they take more notice of what is passing, and their complexions that the circulation has been quickened. The most senseless among this unfortunate class still have their favourite instruments. The physician mentions one boy in particular, who had a decided preference for the violin: when sitting near one who is playing on some other instrument, he quits his side, to get near another who begins to play on the violin. So fond is he of this instrument that he will follow the performer wherever he goes. The boy is naturally so timid that he will not venture to stand upon a low chair; but he will follow the violinist when he mounts the highest table. It is not for certain instruments only that these poor creatures show a preference, but they have their favourite airs: if one which they do not like is played, they remain in their apathetic state; but as soon as they hear one of their pet tunes, they testify their pleasure by their animated movements.

The physician and the other persons in attendance on the idiots take advantage of the power which music has over them. When it is necessary that they should be composed, recourse is had to music: it succeeds in soothing the most violent paroxysms of passion, and the fits of crying to which even the dullest among them are subject. A very remarkable case is mentioned of a boy who had a great dislike to a particular air: when brought to the asylum, his temper was most violent; in his rage, he would kick, bite, and scratch furiously. His master discovered that he had an aversion to a particular air: when he heard it at first, it threw him into a violent fury, and he would endeavour to kick the master, and snatch the violin from him when compelled to desist; and if the air was "continued beyond a certain point, he would begin to cry." This boy improved in intelligence and observation, and became more obedient; he was put into the drill-class; he sometimes exhibited great violence of temper and provoking obstinacy; he was, however, subdued by music. When he acquitted himself well, he was gratified with his favourite airs; when he misbehaved, he was punished with the hated tune. This mode of managing him produced the happiest effect—he became more submissive and teachable. So sensitive, indeed, did he become at last, that, as the master tells us, "as soon as the air he disliked was begun, he would put his hands together, and say, in his own language, that he was *a good boy*."

There is a still more extraordinary case: that of a boy who cannot be taught to put on his clothes, and who cannot reply to any question so as to be understood, and who will eat anything, however disgusting; yet with so great an aptitude for music, and so vivid a recollection of anything he hears, that if an organ or a chance band should play when he is near, he will, very frequently, on the day after, go over several airs he had never heard till then. One of the attendants wished to learn to play on the violin, and found this boy of the greatest use: by promising to reward him with a bun, he would sing any air which the attendant desired, according to his own mode, out of the many he had acquired. The man now plays very well.

There is another boy, of about seven years old, remarkable for the smallness of his head, which is stated to be very little larger than the clenched hand: this boy surprises everybody by his fondness for music, and his power of imitation. He not only sings many airs, but imitates all the movements of the music-master in the most entertaining manner. He will amuse himself throughout the entire day with two sticks, as if playing on the fiddle, singing all the time to the supposed accompaniment.

There is another little boy, too, in the asylum, who has a very small head and receding forehead. One side of his body is paralyzed, and he is dumb. His health was very delicate when he first entered the asylum; he was very fretful, and slept badly; he would often cry for the greater part of the night. However, he, too, became *il fanatico per la musica;* instead of crying all night, as had been his wont, he sung unceasingly, going over and over all his favourite airs. He became fond of the place, and an evident improvement in his temper was perceptible. The nurse preferred a complaint against him sometimes: she said that she was obliged to darken his bed-room, for, otherwise, he would waken up at three or four o'clock on a summer's morning, and instantly commence singing *Rory O'More*. This was the signal for another *child of song* who lay near him, and who would rouse up and join him to the full extent of his voice. To sleep near these vocalists was impossible, and they had to be placed in separate apartments. It is curious that one incapable of speech should hum airs correctly.

The account of this boy brought to our minds one we had seen many years since in Swift's hospital in Dublin: he was then about twelve years old. He was at times very violent, tearing his clothes and whatever he could lay his hands on, sometimes even his own flesh. He was quite blind, and could utter no articulate sound. There was something inexpressibly sad in the whole appearance of the child, as he paced the long corridor with a keeper by his side; such wild uncouth music as he could make seemed to be the sum of all his enjoyment. A pair of triangles served for his instrument; and the melancholy and not unpleasant tone of the incessant "allah, ullah" with which he accompanied their sound was peculiarly mournful. His case was still more sad, from the fact of his being an only child, long wished for by his parents, who had been many years married before his birth.

The music-master who attends the inmates of the Asylum has succeeded beyond all expectation: not only can a number of his pupils sing various songs and glees correctly, but he has been actually able to teach some among them to read music, and to copy it into ruled books; after he had accomplished this, he taught them the harmonicon, on which they now play some of the music copied by themselves. It took time and patience to teach two boys to play together correctly, but six playing an air together on the harmonicon astonished all who heard them. There can scarcely be a doubt that in some of these cases the idea of time and tune is intuitive. "One boy in particular," the physician tells us, "has often amused me, when, with something like a baton in his hand, I have seen him beating time with the greatest accuracy, whilst his fellow-pupils were playing and singing. I have often, too, seen this time-beating boy during the play-hours seated in some snug corner, by the side of the boy who has the faculty of catching tunes so readily. The first boy will take two sticks to imitate a violin, and then, as well as he can, will go over any fresh tunes his master may have been teaching him; the second boy perhaps already knows the tune. They get excited, and often sing loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance. In gloomy weather their voices have often had quite a charming effect; every now and then they would have a group of auditors."

The time-keeper is about sixteen. When he sings, notwithstanding the discordancy of his voice, he keeps perfect time; while he sings, he nods his head in time to the air. "You would think," says the physician, "that his head was the pendulum of a clock." He possesses a most extraordinary faculty—it is that of always knowing the hour of the day, no matter how employed. If digging, sweeping, or engaged in any kind of work, if suddenly asked, he will tell the hour correctly. The account of the accuracy with which the time-keeper can tell the hour reminds us of a passage in the *Spectator*, where it is said that "Mr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells of an idiot that, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day, whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire."

The love of the idiots for music, and their intuitive idea of time, suggested the proposal of having them taught to dance; and it has been carried out at the asylum with the greatest success. The cases to which we have referred prove how much can be done with those labouring under the greatest of human infirmities. Some have not only made progress in music, but can read, write and draw surprisingly well.

It is stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music. When the violin is played to them, they may be seen hastening round the room after the master; their animated faces and movements convey the idea that they are happy. It is fabled that the enchanting harmony of the lyre of Orpheus was such that stones and stocks danced to the melody. The poor idiots, in their untaught state, are little more than stocks and stones, and music has the power of animating them. Its tranquillizing effect on those subject to paroxysms of passion and inordinate fits of weeping reminds us of the influence of David's harp on Saul, when the evil spirit was cast out and he was restored. Without even taking the effect of music in subduing the angry passions into account, we may consider it a blessing which cannot be too highly estimated, that any influence has been discovered which can rouse, even for a while, the poor apathetic idiot from his torpidity, and dispel the gloom which surrounds him; the blessing is enhanced when we consider the vast numbers who stand in need of it, for, by the returns in 1847, we find that forlorn class numbered 7,265 in England alone.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE KING FAMILY.

From the New York Times.

The following private letter from a gentleman of position and distinction in one of the New England States to his son in this city, has been handed to us for publication:

Saco, Me., Thursday, Jan. 8, 1857.

My Dear Son: On arriving "Down East" here I found that the town adjoining where I am sojourning was Old Scarboro', the birthplace of Hon. Rufus King; and knowing your taste for that kind of literature which makes us acquainted with the public and private characters of the truly great men of the country, so entirely harmonized with my own, I felt quite sure I could not interest you more than by giving you a brief history of the distinguished statesman and diplomatist above named, with some notice of other branches of the family.

Richard King, Esq., the father of Rufus, came to Scarboro' from Watertown, Mass., in 1744, then 26 years of age, where, by successful mercantile pursuits, he became wealthy. A writer, in speaking of him in connection with the *History of the town of Scarboro'*, published in the 3d vol. of *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*, says: "The result of his efforts evinces great energy and industry; he was also a man of inestimable worth of character. That, notwithstanding the care of his large estates and extensive mercantile business required almost all his time, he was enabled by good management to enrich a mind of superior natural endowments by a judicious course of reading. In public life he was honoured and esteemed, in private life he was loved." * * * "To all his good qualities were added the graces of a Christian life; so that we know not how his whole character can be more truthfully described than by styling him a *Christian gentleman.*" Such are some of the traits of character ascribed by this writer to Richard King (who you will bear in mind was grandfather to your present Governor.)

Mr. King was twice married; by the first marriage he had one son, Rufus, and two daughters. By the second, three sons and three daughters. The daughters who lived to be married were respectably connected. Of these, I have no room within my proposed limits to speak, except barely to say that the eldest was married to Hon. Robert Southgate, grandfather of the present Bishop of that name.

Mr. King died March 27, 1775, aged fifty-seven. I had the gratification, a few days since, of making a pilgrimage to the old mansion where he lived and died, and where all his children were born; the eldest, one hundred and one years ago. It is still occupied as a dwelling, and looks even defiant at the assaults of time.

Of the three sons by the second marriage, Richard, Jr., the eldest, occupied the old homestead while he lived. William was the first Governor of Maine, Commissioner under the Spanish treaty, &c. Cyrus, the youngest of the family, was an eminent lawyer of this town; where, after a brilliant career at the bar, and of four years in Congress, he died suddenly April 25, 1817, aged 44. He and Webster, who were warm personal and political friends, entered Congress as freshmen, at the same session—1813. Mr. King's speeches ranked among the finest specimens of parliamentary oratory. I well recollect some of their brilliant passages now, after the lapse of more than forty years since I read them. One passage-at-arms with John Randolph, which convulsed the House with laughter, I will mention; it was in 1815, in the debate on the bill for increasing the pay of Members of Congress. Randolph had made a speech in favour of the bill, in which he said, in substance, that he had no desire for any increase of pay on his own account, but he was aware that there were many members there from the country whose circumstances were such that they could not afford to serve for the present pay, &c. To which Mr. King, in reply to this part of his speech, said (quoting from recollection) that he thought, by a due observance of the virtue of frugality, the example of which would be quite in consonance with the theory of our republican institutions, the present compensation would be sufficient; besides, it would insure greater diligence in the performance of their duties, by withholding a motive for eking out their sessions to a needless extent, &c.; but he added, "Mr. Speaker, I am aware that gentlemen who come here with a coach and six cannot well afford to serve for six dollars a day. I do not mean a coach and six horses, but a coach and two horses, two negroes and two dogs"—when Randolph exclaimed, "just my number!" Although I could easily fill my sheet, much to my own satisfaction at least, by extending my notice of Cyrus King, I will only add that he graduated at Columbia College, in the City of New York, with the highest honours of the institution, in 1794, commenced the study of the law in that City, in the office of his brother Rufus, and when the latter was appointed Minister to Great Britain in 1796 he accompanied him as private Secretary.

After remaining a year in England, he returned to this State, and completed his studies in the office of the late Judge Mellen, of Biddeford, and commenced the practice in this town in the year 1797. In the History of Saco, published several years ago, the writer, in speaking of some of the principal inhabitants, then deceased, describes Mr. King as "possessing brilliant and highly-cultivated powers of mind, united with habits of patient and zealous application, by which he soon rose to eminence in the profession. As an advocate he was unrivalled, his style of speaking was elevated and commanding, rich in the higher graces of polished oratory, and at the same time argumentative and convincing. His speeches on the floor of Congress, it is almost unnecessary to say, were not unworthy the high reputation he enjoyed at the bar." Mr. King held the office of Major-General of the Militia at the time of his death, to which office he was appointed during the war with England. Thus much for the youngest of this family. I proceed to some notice of the eldest, to whom I intended to devote most of this letter.

Hon. Rufus King was born in 1755, graduated at Harvard College, 1777, studied law at Newburyport in the office of Chief Justice Parsons, became a member of the Continental Congress in 1784. In 1785, he introduced the celebrated ordinance prohibiting forever the introduction of slavery into the North-Western Territory, which failed of passing at this time, by one vote only. Two years after, the same proposition, reported by his colleague, Nathan Dane, from the Committee appointed to present a code of laws for the government of that Territory, was adopted by a unanimous vote. There has been much dispute as to whom the paternity of this important measure of right belonged. It has been claimed by some for Mr. Jefferson, but certainly with no good reason. His proposition, introduced the year before Mr. King's, was to prohibit the introduction of slaves into the Territory after the year 1800; of course permitting settlers to go there with their slaves for sixteen years. Mr. King's proposition was to take effect from its passage. It is doubtless fortunate for the cause of liberty in that vast and flourishing region of our country, that Mr. Jefferson's prospective project failed as it did. For many years Congress was beset with petitions to remove this injunction after it had been reënacted under the Constitution. That the credit of first presenting that important and timely measure, in the form in which it finally passed, is due to Rufus King, is proven by the record.

We next find him a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; which was adopted on the 17th of September, 1787, and to which his name is appended as a delegate from Massachusetts.

Mr. King was four times elected to the Senate of the United States from the State of New York. The first time was in 1789, which was the first Senate under the Constitution. This appointment to the Senate, by the State of New York, was, under the circumstances, an act of signal honour; for we have already seen that less than two years before he was a citizen of Massachusetts, and a delegate from that State to the Convention, &c.; so that, widely known as he was to fame, he was but a stranger as to residence in New York when that State first conferred this appointment upon him. He was reëlected in 1795, and in 1796 was appointed, by President Washington, Minister to Great Britain, which mission he filled for several years, with great credit to himself and honour to his country. His correspondence with the British Government, upon the important and delicate questions pending between the two countries at that day, evince diplomatic talents of the highest order.

His third and fourth elections to the Senate were in 1813 and 1820. Of that body he was as confessedly the head as was Daniel Webster at a later period. Of his unrivalled powers in debate, the best idea I can give you is by quoting a passage from a private letter from Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, dated at Washington in 1814, in which he incidentally alluded to Mr. King in connection with a subject under debate, in the following terms:

"Mr. King came out for the first time. You never heard such a speaker. In strength and dignity, and fire; in ease, in natural effect and gesture, as well as in matter, he is unequalled. He did not make a set speech and did not expect to speak at all."

The mission to England was again conferred on Mr. King, by President Adams, in 1826, thirty years, as you will perceive, after his first appointment by President Washington. After remaining for a time, he resigned on account of failing health, returned home and died April 29, 1829, aged seventy-four. Hon. John A. King, your present Governor, was Secretary of Legation during the last mission of his father, and afterwards, I think, Chargé d'Affaires at that Court.

I have alluded only to the principal public positions which Mr. King filled, for an almost unbroken period of about forty-five years, upon all of which he left the impress of surpassing greatness.

In his personal appearance, while a member of the Constitutional Convention of New York, in 1821, as now recollected by me, he was well formed, of medium height, rather robust, but not corpulent, perfectly erect, eyes black, sharp, and exceedingly pleasant and animated while in conversation. He wore spectacles. Whenever there was a recess, and at other times, I noticed that groups would eagerly gather around him, to engage him in conversation, or to manifest some token of respect, which was unmistakably felt for him; seeming to regard him as the central point of attraction among the members, although the Convention, I doubt not, embraced the ablest body of men, citizens of the State, ever assembled within its limits. He was then sixty-six.

Mr. King had four sons—two only survive: the present [illegible] and Charles King, LL.D., President of Columbia College. The Governor and the late Hon. James G. King were, as you know, members of Congress at the same time. But I need not, and did not intend to, speak of the sons of Rufus King. "There they are, behold them." There was one, however, whom you did not know—General Edward King, who went to the State of Ohio several years ago, married a daughter of Governor Worthington, became a distinguished lawyer, was several years a member of the Legislature and Speaker of the House. He died in 1836. From what little I know of his history, I doubt not that he, too, was a worthy son of an honoured sire.

Your affectionate father, A. G. D.

THOUGHTS OF FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.

Much of a person's experience in France depends on the spirit in which one comes into it. The leading trait of the French character is approbativeness; it runs through and colours all their modes of thought and life. They are quick-witted and shrewd, and detect with instinctive sagacity the feelings of those with whom they have dealings. If a person comes among them full of dislike and suspicion, showing by his manner that he expects to be cheated, he excites the strongest feeling of the French mind against him. Feeling that they are not trusted, there is aroused at once a rivalry of mere shrewdness. When a person commences chaffing, haggling "and beating down," as the current phrase is, his French neighbour immediately says to himself, "Fort bien; two can play at that," and, being on his own ground, speaking his own language, ten to one he fools his opponent with his own weapons.

They are accused of having all sorts of prices, and of being mere tricksters in a bargain. They have so far as this, that when they perceive they have to do with a person who is a hackneyed bargainer, they will put an extra charge on goods, so as to allow themselves room for that gradual fall of price which they perceive to be indispensable in his eyes, and this they will do with a good-humoured drollery, peculiarly French. But I am acquainted with people who have resided here six and seven years, who give quite satisfactory accounts of the honesty, fairness and justness with which they have generally been treated in all the necessary intercourse between man and man.

The French race are kindlier-mannered than the Anglo-Saxon, gentler and softer in all their address and the mode of their intercourse. A stranger unacquainted with the language is assisted in his first struggles and researches through the streets, with a kindness sometimes quite touching.

For instance, you ring at the door of the porter's lodge and inquire a direction; and the answer comes perhaps in a torrent of provincial French, in which your inexperienced ear dimly discerns "au fond"—"au gauche"—"au troisième," or some other matter of the kind. When he sees by your blank look that you are a stranger, he looks at you with the most patronizing, benevolent airs in the world, and though he cannot for the life of him forbear repeating the French deluge, it is done with such evident good-will, and so many explanatory gestures, that somehow it puts you quite at ease. At one place where I inquired, without finding the person whom I was seeking, the porter took my card and went through all the neighbouring shops seeking information for me, with a kindness of manner which was really quite touching. At another time I was walking with a friend, and the day being rainy, she determined to try a little alley that took us home by a shorter road. A workman who was employed in repairing a house in this alley warned her that the gate was probably shut and locked at that hour, but she persisted. When we came to the gate and found it locked, it would have been quite like most workmen that we know to laugh and say, "I told you so—now you see you will have to go round after all." But our young man was struck with compassion—came up smiling very amiably—and began climbing the gate, which was considerably higher than his head, clattering and struggling manfully with his wooden shoes till he was fairly over, when he went in search of the man who had the key, who seemed easy to be entreated, and came forth in the rain to let us through.

Now in England we should surely have been refused—not from any want of good feeling, but from that national sense of order which makes one adhere tenaciously in all cases to a rule once promulgated—a sense rarely found in their gayer and good-natured neighbour. I have noticed that in all those situations in which English and American people generally growl, French people laugh. For instance, if you are in a crowd of mingled English and French, struggling through the narrow way of a custom-house, when you hear a surly growl you may be sure it is expressed in English, but the man who, pressed almost out of breath, smiles and says, with what voice he has left, "Pardon," is French. In this respect, certainly, the French race have a radical advantage over us Anglo-Saxons. Dr. Johnson very happily defines good humour as a *habit* of being pleased—this pertains in an eminent degree to them. Those thousand little sharpnesses and rudenesses of social life which obtain among the more earnest and graver races are all softened down among the French by the oil of gladness, and the futile trials of life, which their more serious neighbours combat with testy eagerness, they laugh off with easy gayety.

One notices the gentleness of the French particularly in their treatment of animals and of children. Paris is the paradise of domestic pets. Cats, which in our great cities are too often terror-stricken, half-starved fugitives, whose wild looks and bristling fur betray their constant experience and fear of ill usage, are here a sort of household divinity. The conciergerie, or porter's room, in almost every court, has its cat sitting in glossy pride with a comfortable air of conscious security and dignity, and you cannot please an owner, man or woman, more than by a kind word to the cat. This is sure to call up a genial smile and nod, and is quite as sure a passport to favour and good offices as the admiration of a baby to the heart of a mother. Passing by the conciergerie one day, in going to the studio of an artist, I saw a sprightly little Angora kitten, and, picking it up, carried it with me into the studio. In a few moments the wife of the conciergerie was filling the passage with inquiries and lamentations for her lost pet—she was sure it must be stolen—according to her, the extreme beauty and desirableness of her darling made her daily cause of inquietude, lest it should be torn from her—all the world wanted her kitten, and she was only comforted when she found that the treasure had been but borrowed, and very smilingly accorded me the privilege of petting the darling from time to time when I came that way. These Angora cats grow very large, and have much longer fur than our common ones. I saw the other day a creature of immense size in the door of a flower-shop, and stopped to pat it. Puss, awaking from a reverie, put out her paw with such vivacity that I drew back, fearing a scratch. The shop-woman laughed, and picking up the cat as a mother would a baby, kissed and held it up for me to admire, telling me that there was no fear of her, that if I only knew her I should find her "excessivement douce."

In the same manner dogs are petted, and generally led about with a string, lest somebody should steal them. The printed handbill, "chien perdu," which often meets the eye on a wall, testifies to the yearnings of some bereaved owner. One sometimes sees the little rough dogs of carters or draymen riding on the back of their horses, with all the security of practiced horsemen, or rather horsedogs, and the man is not a little propitiated if you notice his quadruped friend.

This tenderness for the animal creation extends even to the modes of butchering. Nobody has the right to kill a pig in the city—but all must be taken to an institution for that purpose made and provided, where the arrangements are so made that the stroke of death gives the least possible pain or terror, and the same care, I am told, extends to other species of butchering.

But the idolatry of young children is something yet more remarkable. The devotion to them resembles more a passion than an affection. The tireless patience, the unceasing devotion with which the little one is regarded, the admiration which waits on all its whims and caprices, which is blind to the faults even of children not one's own, is quite remarkable.

In this excessive and passionate fondness, and the consequent boundless indulgence of young children, may be found, perhaps, one cause of that want of stamina and sustained strength, which appears in French history. The nation are vain, quick, clever, brilliant, but have the fickleness, the impulsiveness of natures that have never been disciplined—never taught self-control. The French regard the English system of family government with horror—it is something of which they can form no conception—it seems to them rigid and cruel, and they say that however it may do for English children, it would never apply to their own. The idea so current in all literature, and in common prejudice, of the entire want of domestic life in France, is quite false and mistaken, certainly as concerns the present generation.

Intelligent French people who have observed dispassionately their own national excellences and defects, and who have of course an intimate knowledge of their social manners, say that it is false. A French gentleman said to me the other evening, "It is true that the French, as compared with the Anglo-Saxon race, are greatly deficient in the element of truth and steadiness—they are not so reliable. Their excessive approbativeness leads them too often to say what is agreeable before what is true—but what is alleged as to our want of domestic feeling, is particularly untrue. We are too fond of our children, too unwilling to cross them, even for their good." This view of the warmth and tenderness of French domestic life has been confirmed by my observation of the interiors of many French families where I have been received on terms of intimacy.

But whatever may be said of the French system of family government as to its effects in forming strong and self-reliant characters, it is certain that it forms very agreeable children. One sees French children continually in Paris. In the public gardens and walks, one is among them all the time, and more well-bred, peaceable, well-behaved little creatures, cannot be imagined. Their manners, modes of address, &c., are all gentle and agreeable—perhaps because the element of approbativeness is instinctive with them, and more, perhaps, that from the cradle upwards it is the great object to teach the child to be agreeable and polite. I was amused in reading the rules of an institution for the care of the babies of working women (of which I shall speak hereafter), to find the following:

"Its mother should teach it to be amiable, polite, loving, good, and grateful."

Whatever people make a first object is generally accomplished; the urbanity which makes French society so charming commences in the cradle.

In coming from England, one is struck with the manners of the French common people as entirely wanting in a sort of obsequiousness, which obtains in an aristocratic country. They are pleasant, good-humoured, and obliging—but those downcast looks of utter humiliation and self-abasement which one sees in English lower classes in the presence of superiors in rank, does never appear. It would appear that the revolutions of France have made clean work with all that. The general air of the common people is as thoroughly democratic as in America.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in The Independent.*

EMERSON.

It is a great relief to ordinary mortals to discover that a philosopher has anything in common with themselves. Mr. Emerson once floated before our fancy as a cloud half-luminous, half-dark, now skimming the earth, now sailing above the mountains, now flashing inexpressible light, then suddenly turning upon us a cold sharp mass of darkness—with perchance a glimmer of stars from its impenetrable depths. Whether in some great cycle of transmigration Plato had taken shape again—but only such dreamy shape as becomes a disembodied spirit—or whether Plato himself was a *nebula* of antiquity now floating within the sphere of our atmosphere, and assuming a more consolidated form—we never could quite determine from anything we heard or saw of "the sage of Concord."

But it fell to us once after listening for an hour—Mr. Emerson always closes with the hour, even if he breaks off in the middle of an aphorism—to one of those rare effusions of the poet-philosopher, that leave one bewildered as to his personal identity, floating upon golden clouds of song—it fell to us to speak the oracle face to face, to be jostled with him for miles in the same carriage, to clamber with him over rocks and fences to the hill top, to sit down with him at the same hospitable board, to hear him in the chit-chat of the parlour, and again to have a carriage talk in the still night through the woods. This near view of Mr. Emerson surprised us almost as much as the sight of "the immortal Cæsar," under the common conditions of humanity, amazed the sturdy Cassius; but on quite other grounds. We found him not a man of "feeble temper," confounded by familiar things—but that tongue of his, that just now "bade men mark him, and write his speeches in their books," discoursed with the plainest common sense, the largest practical wisdom, and the kindliest affection, upon the things of common life. Not a trace of pedantry or mysticism, not the least air of conscious superiority, could now be detected in him who had just discoursed so loftily of the exclusive *caste* of the scholar. Indeed, if called upon to make confession of the sins that most beset him in society, like the austere and lofty Damiani, he must have written "a contempt of pompous follies, and a disposition to laughter."

He had spoken in his address of the uniformity with which all the disclosures of Spiritualists, from whatever spirit and through whatever medium, come to us by way of Emanuel Swedenborg. Recalling this admirable hit, we provoked him to an eloquent period upon the grandeur of an attested revelation; and then, with that emphatic hesitancy that precedes some apt expression, he added of spirit-rappings, "This *r-r-rat-hole* revelation, I have no patience with." No philosophy could more effectually annihilate the whole system.

We passed a golden orchard. "I love to see the crop of apples looking well. The apple is the *social* fruit of New England; the Winter evenings and the fireside." There was a poem of kindly feeling in that off-hand remark.

A good five-mile walker, none of the party could excel him in climbing; not even the enthusiastic and accomplished lord of the manor—whose guests we were—could point out with a more appreciative eye the beauties of the landscape, its geological features, or its capabilities of production, from the well-eared corn of the interval to the thick-set cranberry bed in the marsh. In fine, we made up our minds that our new-found friend might be erratic, and mystic, and transcendental, and all that, but that he was still "a man *for* a' that."—*The Independent.*

How Watches are made in Switzerland.—A large proportion of the work bestowed upon the manufacture of watches in Switzerland is done by cottagers, who cultivate the earth in the Summer, and in the Winter shut themselves up with their families during the inclement season, which lasts three or four months. The whole family then devote themselves to the work of making watch movements. Not only the children work, but the dog turns a wheel, and puts in motion a lathe or a pair of bellows. First, the rough part of the movement is made by water power. Particular parts are assigned to the young members of the family, while others are employed in putting the plates and wheels together. When a sufficient number have been prepared, the master transports them on the back of a mule to some town or village, where he sells them to little master watchmakers, who complete the movements, or else they are sold to traveling agents, who case them in silver or gold.

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Philadelphia Advertisements.

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THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.—Just received and for sale at Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia—
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Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

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